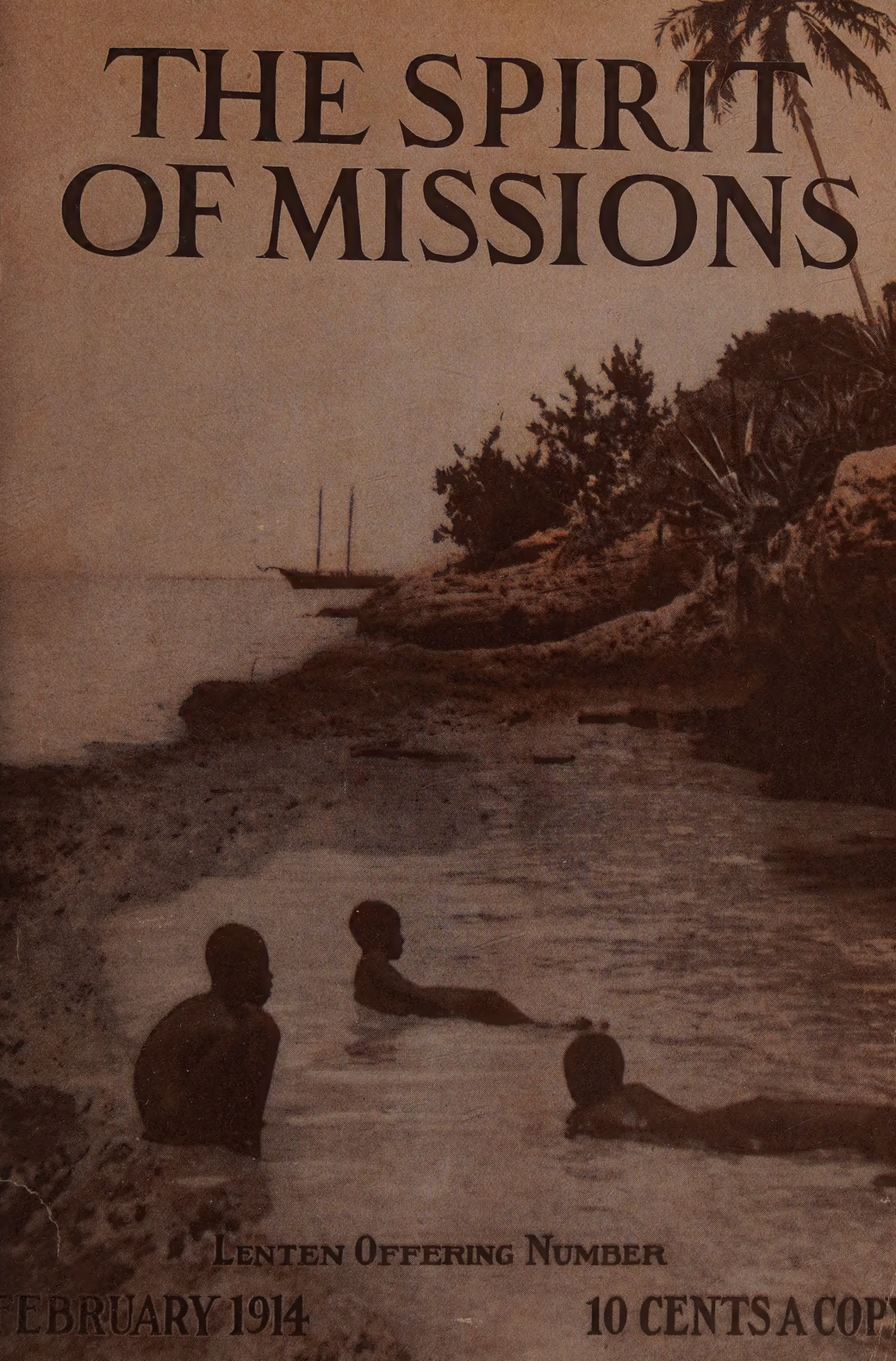


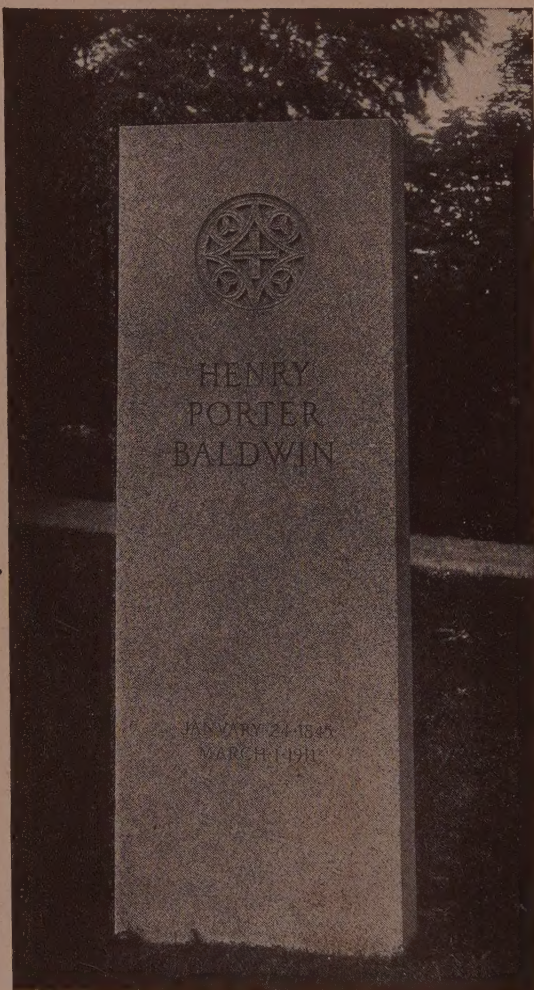
THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS



LENTEN OFFERING NUMBER

FEBRUARY 1914

10 CENTS A COPY



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TO THE CLERGY

THE Clergy are requested to notify "The Mailing Department, 281 Fourth Avenue, New York," of changes in their post-office addresses in order that the Board's publications may be correctly mailed to them.

CONCERNING WILLS

IT is earnestly requested that inquiries be made concerning Wills admitted to probate whether they contain bequests to this Society, and that information of all such bequests be communicated to the Treasurer without delay. In making bequests for missions it is most important to give the exact title of the Society, thus: *I give, devise, and bequeath to The Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, for the use of the Society.*.....If it is desired that the bequest should be applied to some particular department of the work, there should be substituted for the words, "For the Use of the Society," the words "For Domestic Missions," or "For Foreign Missions," or "For Work Among the Indians," or "For Work Among Colored People," or "For Work in Africa," or "For Work in China," etc.



RAPHAEL'S CARTOON OF ST. PAUL PREACHING ON MARS' HILL



BISHOP ROWE PREACHING IN STEPHEN'S VILLAGE, ALASKA

Note the eager intentness upon the faces of the listeners; 2,000 years have made little difference in the appealing message

ATHENS AND ALASKA

THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY REVIEW
OF CHRISTIAN MISSIONS

VOL. LXXIX

February 1914

No. 2

THE PROGRESS OF THE KINGDOM

THE Lenten offering of the children of the Church, which during 36 years has grown from \$7,000 to more than \$175,000, is a

The Gift of the Sunday Schools wonderful example of the permeating power of an idea, and the cumulative value of small sums. The fact that this sum is raised during the six weeks of Lent adds to its significance. So far as we know, there is no other Christian body where a like achievement is made, year after year, in so brief a space of time.

Beyond doubt the Sunday school offering has not reached its possible limits. The steady increase of the last three years, amounting to about \$10,000 each year, demonstrates this fact. Larger results only wait upon a more thorough education of Sunday school leaders and pupils. We welcome in this the co-operation of the General Board of Religious Education, and commend to the attention of all the article, "Unexpected Values in Missionary By-Products," appearing in the following pages, which clearly demonstrates that the largest value of the Sunday school offering is not its substantial contribution to the work of missions, but its educational influ-

ence upon the mind of the Church and the life of the child.

IN this number we present the thirteenth special issue of THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS, heretofore known as the Children's Number, now called the Lenten Offering Number. Inasmuch as it is sold largely

The Lenten Offering Number throughout the country by the children of the Sunday Schools, it will naturally come into the hands of many who do not usually receive this publication. We hope that the interest aroused by the story of the following pages will make them wish for further information about this great enterprise, and eager to share in it by their prayers and gifts. It is hard to make people believe that the story of mission work is the most interesting and fascinating which can be told, but it is hard only because they do not take the trouble to inform themselves. Will you not, casual reader, give us the chance to prove this fact to you by handing to the child who has sold you this copy the price of a year's subscription, so that you may read the other chapters of the story?

OUR readers will have heard through the daily press of the havoc wrought by the volcanic eruptions and earth-

Japan's Afflictions

quakes in southern Japan. Hundreds have lost their lives and thousands have been rendered homeless. The damage done in certain localities will be felt for many years. Although our American dioceses in Japan have not shared in this affliction—inasmuch as the scene of the disaster lies in the Anglican diocese of Kyu-Shiu—we sympathize keenly with our other brethren of the Nippon Sei Ko Kwai.

A danger even more threatening is to be found in the famine conditions prevailing in Hokkaido, which is also an Anglican diocese, and the northern part of our own district of Tokyo. The destitution is widely extended. In the Letter Box of this issue will be found a brief note from Miss Bristowe of Aomori, giving a statement of the situation there. It might be duplicated a score of times from other places. Undoubtedly there will be need of much assistance from sympathetic Christian folk if even a part of the suffering is to be alleviated. Bishop McKim of Tokyo has not yet been heard from on this matter, but Bishop Tucker of Kyoto, who is still in this country, writes a letter stating that from personal experience he is convinced that Japan's need is great and urgent.

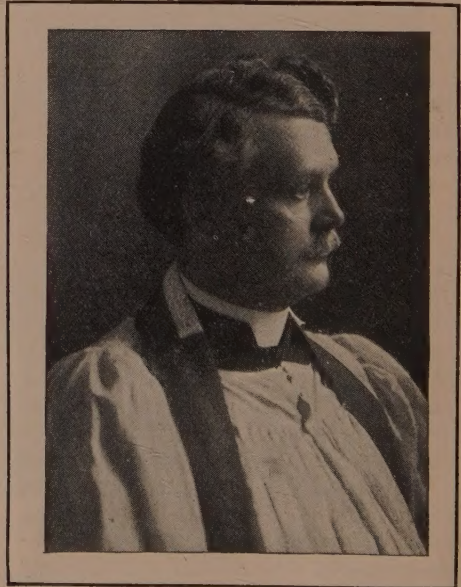
Christian America will be glad to help Japan, not only because by so doing we help to establish cordial relations between the two nations, but also because it is our opportunity to give a practical demonstration of the religion which we profess and desire to impart to them.

Contributions for the sufferers in Japan will be gladly received and forwarded by the treasurer of the Board, Mr. George Gordon King, 281 Fourth Avenue, New York.

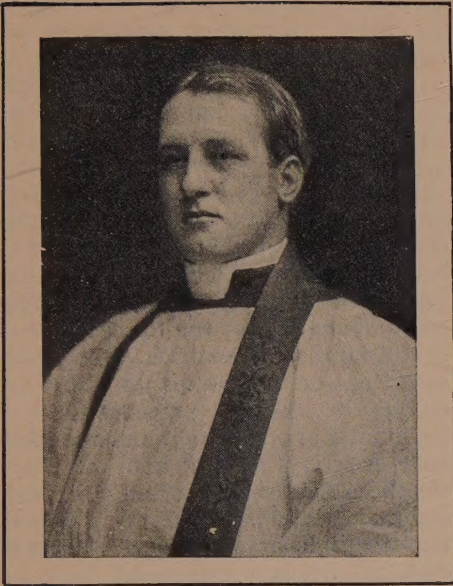
IN the month of January two of the men chosen by the General Convention to go out as the Church's

Two New Missionary Bishops

leaders were consecrated, each in the church where he had served for many years as rector, surrounded by a host of devoted and admiring friends. In St. John's Church, Hagerstown, the Rev. J. Poyntz Tyler was consecrated as the Bishop of North Dakota. The Presiding Bishop and seven other bishops were in attendance, together with a large band of clergy from three dioceses. Bishop Tuttle was, of course, chief consecrator, and Bishop Tucker of Southern Virginia preached the sermon. Bishop Tyler will go to his new field about the middle of February, returning in the late spring to take his family to the west. He succeeds the Rt. Rev. Cameron Mann, D.D., who has been transferred to the district of Southern Florida.



RIGHT REV. JOHN POYNTZ TYLER
Bishop of North Dakota



RIGHT REV. FREDERICK B. HOWDEN
Bishop of New Mexico

On January 14th the Rev. Frederick B. Howden was consecrated in St. John's Church, Georgetown, of which he had been rector for twelve years. Previous to this rectorship, it is interesting to note, he was Archdeacon of Cumberland, being the predecessor of Bishop Tyler in that office. Nine bishops participated in the confirmation, and the sermon was preached by Bishop Rowe. Bishop Howden will leave shortly for New Mexico to take up work in that arduous but most promising field.

ON his way to his new post at Peking, Dr. Paul Reinsch, the recently appointed minister from the United States to

**An American
Diplomat at
St. John's
University**

China, spent a few days in Shanghai and devoted one afternoon to a visit to St. John's University. After reviewing the 400 students on the university campus, Dr. Reinsch addressed them in the college

hall. Such a meeting, he said, reminded him of the many Chinese students whom he had met in recent years in his classes as professor of political economy in the University of Wisconsin. He had learned to respect and admire them for their many sterling qualities. Two things he urged as most important in the effort to serve one's generation usefully. In the first place, one must have a thorough understanding of and confidence in his fellows. On the other hand, he must deal with himself with great strictness. The young men of China to-day are confronting the most inspiring as well as the most difficult tasks. Upon them will rest the responsibility of making China a great, strong and capable nation. It is the greatest opportunity that has ever come to the youth of so great and populous a nation.

It is a hopeful sign that an American diplomat should take the time to visit a missionary college, and should speak with such understanding and appreciation of young China's hopes and needs.

RELIGION is a marked characteristic of Asakusa, one of the fifteen districts of the city of Tokyo. This

Lost Amidst Buddhist Temples	evidenced by its
	314 Buddhist and
	28 Shinto temples.
	It is also a great
	pleasure resort,

with bazaars, theatre and show places always crowded. Thousands of men, women and children pass through its streets day and night, spending their leisure hours. In the midst of this multitude of temples and pleasure palaces stands a building by courtesy called a church, as a witness to the interest of American Church people in this particular part of Japan's capital. It is crowded, on a noisy street, between a great printing office and a fencing school, both of them in operation seven days in the week. The building is set so low that the whole

interior can be seen by curious outsiders at the most solemn moments of the service. Not unnaturally, many of the better class people decline to enter a building of such common appearance. Even if they were willing to come, where could they be placed? Not more than sixty people can be seated in this box of a building. The regular congregation is more than twice that number. Many opportunities for influencing the life of this important section of Tokyo are being lost through lack of equipment. People cannot help but compare our diminutive building, on rented ground, with at best an uncertain tenure, with the great Buddhist and Shinto temples.

A Call for Help and the Response

For several months the Rev. P. C. Daito, the rector of St. John's, has been in this country asking for money with which to purchase land and build a church to seat 250 people. The congregation was organized twenty-two years ago by the late Bishop Williams. It has always been earnest in trying to reach a large measure of self-support, although its congregation is composed entirely of poor people. Fine as their spirit is, it is quite impossible for them to give the full \$15,000 necessary to provide the land and building. So far Mr. Daito's call for help, made with the full approval of the Board of Missions, has brought nearly \$4,000. This will hardly serve to buy the land. In a few weeks Mr. Daito must return to his Tokyo work. What is to be done?

Asakusa, with 250,000 people, is one of the most needy and most strategic spots in Japan. In the past it has known six Christian churches. But of these three have of late been closed, leaving St. John's and two small Methodist buildings as the sole witnesses of Christian enterprise. Must St. John's go to the wall, too?

THOSE unwise souls who secure their information concerning religious affairs from the columns of the daily journals have been hearing about "the Kikuyu crisis." A conference of missionary

The Kikuyu Incident

leaders held last summer in this obscure African village is declared to be the occasion which is to divide the Church of England into hostile camps and will soon shake the foundations of the Church in America. To these assertions of the newspaper editor are added the eager representations of Cardinal Bernard Vaughan, who gleefully asserts that the hour of chaos for the Established Church is at hand, and that "while the Church of England may be high, or low, or broad, it will certainly not be a long one!"

But what are the facts? Certain missionary agencies engaged in work in Central Africa, stirred by the inroads made by the preaching of Mohammedanism, came to realize that for effectiveness Christian missions should, so far as possible, present a united front. These agencies included Baptists, Methodists and Presbyterians; among the leaders were two bishops of the Church of England—the Bishops of Uganda and Mombasa. The conference adopted certain suggestions which were to be referred to the various governing boards at home. With some of these many of us would probably not agree. But they were merely recommendations, and the conference was simply a conference, without power to bind anyone. Its sessions closed with a celebration of the Holy Communion in the Scotch Presbyterian Church. The two Anglican bishops were the celebrants, and all the missionaries present were given an opportunity of receiving the Communion at their hands. This is, so far as we can discover, a fair statement of what occurred in connection with the conference.

The Bishop of Zanzibar felt called upon to make a protest, and did so in a public letter. Doubtless he was entirely within his rights, and was justified in wishing to show that, as a missionary bishop in the same general locality, he did not share the views expressed by his brethren of Uganda and Mombasa. It may be questioned, however, whether he was not precipitate in calling upon the authorities to bring these brethren to trial for heresy. It is difficult at this distance, and from the American perspective, to see where a charge of heresy could be made to lie. Had the Anglican bishops received the Communion at the hands of a Presbyterian elder it would perhaps be another matter. The use of the Scotch church, rather than a building of our own, was due to the fact that we had no building in the place; and while there are differing views with regard to admitting Christian men of other bodies to the Holy Communion upon special occasions, we believe that it would be difficult to construe such an action as heretical.

The Effect in England

The two bishops against whom the charges are made were sent forth by the Church Missionary Society, representing the moderate or Low Church wing, while the Bishop of Zanzibar is under the Universities' Mission, and is a High Churchman. Doubtless this helps to accentuate the feeling which exists. But that a crisis has arisen which will shake the English Church from cornerstone to spire we decline to believe; and that Christian men of any name are justified in seeking a ground where they may conscientiously stand together in their battle for Christ, we are profoundly convinced.

Of course there are difficulties innumerable about missionary co-operation, but we get no further by crying

heresy when consecrated and well-intentioned men propose a solution which we are not prepared to accept. Surely, the thing which was attempted in Kikuyu is exactly what must precede any better understanding among the divided missionary forces. They must confer; they must suggest, that out of their very mistakes, perhaps, a way may be discovered by which we may march with more solid front to do the business about which the Church was sent.

One other comment seems desirable. Even so reliable a paper as the *New York Times* spreads upon a whole page of its Sunday edition a highly-colored statement of the situation, containing many inaccuracies. Most of these are the usual blunders of the secular reporter wrestling with ecclesiastical terminology, but when it is stated that the conference in Kikuyu "formulated a plan of action identical with that proposed by Bishop Arthur Lloyd of the Episcopal Board of Missions, to delimit the territory, so that missionaries of one Church shall have a certain district, and all others shall keep out of that district," we rub our eyes and wonder how long we have been asleep! It is further stated that "the difference is that Bishop Lloyd's plan was turned down very decidedly in the General Convention, while the bishops of Mombasa and Uganda went along swimmingly with theirs." It is difficult to guess what the reporter had in mind. Certainly no delimitation of missionary territory was proposed in the last General Convention; nor has the Board of Missions or any of its officers ever urged such a plan.

We cannot feel that this incident furnishes cause for alarm. Any earnest effort toward unity will inevitably awaken temporary discord; but that Christ means His Church to seek unity we cannot doubt, and with regard to the final issue we need not fear.

THE SANCTUARY OF MISSIONS

O THOU, Whose infant feet were found

Within Thy Father's shrine,
Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,

Were all alike divine;

Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,

We seek Thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age and death,

To keep us still Thine own.

—Reginald Heber.

AND Jesus called a little child unto Him, and set him in the midst of them, and said, "Verily, I say unto you, except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven."

THANKSGIVING

"WE praise Thee"—
For Christian nurture,
Christian homes and Christian parents.

For the Babe of Bethlehem in the manger and the Christ-Child in the carpenter shop.

For the many works of mercy—especially those in behalf of children—wrought by Thy Church in the name of Thy Christ. (Page 90.)

For the splendid gift of the Sunday Schools in these thirty-six years, and for the blessing it has brought, both to the work of Thy Church's Mission and in the hearts and lives of the givers.

INTERCESSIONS

"WE pray Thee—
That in all the families of the world parents and children may learn to fear and love Thy holy Name.

That all teachers and pupils in our Sunday Schools may have grace to serve Thee better and more perfectly to know Thee.

To bless the Sunday Schools of this land in their endeavor to gather a worthy offering to lay at the feet of the risen Christ.

That homes and hospitals which minister to the needs of children may be blessed and their number multiplied.

To rouse men and women to whom God has given the stewardship of wealth, and make them ready to use it for Christ and humanity.

To bless the efforts in behalf of the native children of Alaska and the Philippines. (Pages 97 and 109.)

To rouse the Church to better fulfill her duty and privilege of motherhood to the young in our own land. (Pages 104 and 113.)

PRAYERS

A Child's Prayer

DEAR Heavenly Father, accept our prayers, and grant all that we have asked according to Thy will. May we help to answer them ourselves by studying more faithfully, praying more earnestly and giving more generously, that thy Kingdom may come and thy will be done in all the earth; so that every child may be Thy child, and every heart Thy home. We ask it in Jesus's name. Amen.

For Orphanages

FATHER of the fatherless, let the cry, we pray Thee, of the orphan and the destitute enter into Thine ears; rescue them from the perils of a sinful world and bring them to the refuge of Thy heavenly home, for the sake of Thy Holy Child Jesus, our only Saviour and Redeemer. Amen.

For the Inspiration of the Young

OMNIPOTENT God, who makest us both to will and to do those things which are well pleasing in Thy sight; stir up, we beseech Thee, the pure minds of Thy children; bless all means employed for the instruction of the young; implant in their hearts such gratitude for Thy gospel as will make them eager sharers in bringing others to the knowledge of Thee and of Thy Son Jesus Christ; so that many may be brought out of darkness and error into the glorious liberty of the children of God; to the praise of Thy name, through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

UNEXPECTED VALUES IN MISSIONARY BY-PRODUCTS

By the Reverend Lester Bradner, Ph.D.,

Director of the Department of Parochial Education, General Board of Religious Education.

WHEN Mr. John Marston, Jr., in 1877, first projected the Children's Missionary Offering in the little parish at Lower Merion, near Philadelphia, he probably thought chiefly of the dollars and cents which the Sunday School could gather for the cause. It may be that even now there are those who consider the principal value of the propaganda to lie in its financial returns. If so, the object of this article is to call attention to a great discovery. We have discovered a by-product of the Children's Offering which is more valuable than the Offering itself. This by-product is the *educational result* of the Offering. In promoting this effort among the Sunday Schools the Church is not merely making money—she is making missionaries; and this result means more for her future than the dollars.

The by-product is discovered at three points in the process of the Offering; first, when the child makes it; secondly, when it is talked about, and thirdly, when it is backed by lessons. Let us briefly review the three.

The joy of sharing in a great work is the first and most obvious effect upon the child who joins in the Lenten Offering. This sense of membership in a great cause is of the highest educational value and influence. The child loves to do things—especially *with* his elders, and *like* his elders—and his life follows the doing. It is easy to accustom the child to spend money, but more difficult to make him feel the joy of unselfish giving. The writer knows of boys who plan for months ahead how their contribution to the Missionary Offering

will be secured or reserved. It is for them almost the greatest financial event of the year. What would be the result for the Church if this were true of adult life? And what other method is more likely to bring this about?

If the actual making of the offering, the laboring of little minds and hands to increase the sum of pennies, the subdued excitement running through the Sunday School on Easter Day when the Offering is made, the vital interest with which the representative offering-bearers of the different Sunday Schools come together at some central Diocesan Service—if all this confers an abiding impression upon the child of his real share in the great efforts of the Church, then added to this is the widening of the child's horizon effected by any proper preparation for such an offering.

Consider briefly, in the second place, what is gained when teachers and superintendents talk about the Offering. Through what the child hears in these ways the great wide world is brought before his imagination. The babies of many lands, in their curious costumes or want of costume, the strange customs which surround, oppress, or hamper child-life in less civilized lands, the adventures and circumstances of the missionary, all these natively interesting and instructive items increase the child's knowledge of the world, and his sympathy for humankind. They cultivate his sense of world-citizenship and responsibility.

Descriptions of foreign countries heard or read make a lasting and powerful impression upon young minds. It was the reading of Homer's "Iliad,"

with its tales of what happened before the walls of Troy, which so fascinated the mind of the boy Schliemann that he told his father in those same boyhood days that he meant to find these walls—and find them he did. If a certain lad of twelve has for three years cherished the thought of serving his country by the giving of his life to the Mission in Alaska, it is in no small measure due to the background furnished by the recurrence of the Lenten Offering in his Sunday School, and the descriptions that accompany it. The occasion furnished by the Offering for addresses by missionaries actually from the field, or by men who have special ability to flash the appealing colors of life upon the minds of children, has been of incalculable value to the Church. It is in ways like this that life-long devotion to a single field has often begun.

It would bear rich fruitage in point of actual returns to the Church if a more systematic effort could be made, both by rectors and by the Board of Missions, to bring missionaries and children together. A half-hour spent with a missionary from China, exhibiting her dolls in costume, makes an almost ineradicable impression. If Our Lord could give His time for the blessing of the child, doubtless the missionary could wisely follow in His steps.

Another valuable line of information conveyed by means of the Lenten Offering is a growing acquaintance with the machinery of the Church. Many a child has been led in imagination to follow the dimes he has so faithfully gathered, as they pass from the treasurer of the class, the school, the Diocese, to the Missions House in New York, then off across the plains to a bishop, and then to a missionary; or over the seas to a school, or an orphanage, or a hospital, and accomplish their purpose in the sheltering of some other child within the tender embrace of Mother Church. It

is in such fashion that the organic reach of the Church, the various methods and fields of her operation, the different types of her world-wide service to men, become realities known and appreciated by the child. He grows up with the corporate consciousness which is the true basis of a keen social conscience. He may indeed forget again the names of the missionary bishops, or their respective jurisdictions, but he remembers that the Church reaches through the nation, and out beyond the seas, and he knows that he has done something to send it farther. There is a real educational value in the child's knowledge that his own bit of money reaches and helps the "messengery," as one little lad appropriately misnamed him.

Further, we must remember the impression made upon home and friends by what the child himself has to say about his missionary experiences and efforts in the School. His selling or distributing of the Lenten Number of the *THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS* has no small educational influence upon his elders.

Again there is, accompanying any thoughtful presentation of the children's offering plan, a training in the fundamental motives of Christianity. The reasons for a missionary interest, the quickening of the sense of gratitude toward God, thankfulness for His gift in Jesus Christ, obedience to the "marching orders" of the Church, sympathy in the Church's desire to heal and uplift, pride in a sonship which honors the Father by the effort to extend His Kingdom—all these are primary attitudes, cultivated by an earnest and well-directed effort to make use of the Lenten Offering as a factor in character building. Further, who has not appreciated what it means for a child to realize that real giving must be the fruit of his own effort. He must try to make the money his own by earning it before he gives it, and thus contribute some-

thing of himself. If even this one lesson of true Christian giving results from a wise use of the Offering, it would be worth keeping as an institution.

We have assumed thus far but the very simplest method of awakening the child's interest in the Offering; cases where when Lent has come the cause is merely placed before the Sunday School by the presentation of the mite-boxes with remarks by the Superintendent, comments from the teacher and an occasional address from a special speaker. It is plain, however, that an ever-increasing number of Sunday School leaders realize that the Lenten Offering is a thing to be prepared for long before Lent arrives. Many a rector and superintendent has discovered that the Offering must be backed by a systematic effort to impart missionary information, and that interest and enthusiasm are best roused by a real study of missions on the part of the School. The teachers are brought together, the plan is unfolded, and the responsibility laid upon the teaching force to transmit to the pupils the interest they themselves receive from the leader of the School. This is accomplished in a variety of ways; through a study of the missionary motive, through studies of the missionary field, through discussions of ways and means. The point is that leader and teachers alike begin to learn the value and discover the principles of a corporate missionary program for the School. And such a program is not primarily to get money, but to spread information and quicken interest in regard to missions. In a word, it is an educational more than a financial program. Incidentally, the effect upon both superintendent and teachers is one calculated to give to both a new impulse in behalf of the missionary cause at large, and it is worth while to produce impressions at the fountain head.

All this reacts upon the headquarters of missionary endeavor, the Board of Missions. Rectors, superintendents and teachers are looking to the Board for suggestions, lessons, missionary material of all sorts, speakers, lantern slides and lectures. It would be for the officers of the Board to testify as to how much of their present educational material has been developed in response to such a demand. This at least is clear, that a well-conceived series of short missionary lessons, crisp and fresh with illustration and incident, describing one by one from year to year the different fields of the Church's mission, adapted to supplementary use in the School during the six Lenten Sundays, has been the result.

By Easter time the stories have been told, the pictures transferred to a class notebook, made up and appropriately ornamented and covered by the quick-witted youngsters. Thus a distinct line of missionary education has been evolved under the influence of the Children's Offering. And not alone the Board of Missions, but also Diocesan Boards of Education and Sunday School Commissions, have been pressed into the service to provide lectures, illustrative material and mission classes during Lent.

It is perhaps not too much to say, looking back over the last fifteen years of Sunday School development, that the Lenten Offering has had a very distinct influence in giving a permanent place in the curriculum of the Sunday School to the study and practice of missions. It was the compilation of a series of lessons on missions for a Sunday School which proved to be the first step in the making of a deaconess who now presides over one of our largest and most influential schools in the foreign field. Surely here is a valuable by-product of the Sunday School Lenten Offering for Missions.



SOME WAIFS AT ST. ELIZABETH'S

By Gulielma F. Alsop, M.D.

A LITTLE over a year ago the Mixed Court of Shanghai made an arrangement with St. Elizabeth's Hospital to care for all the sick waifs picked up in the foreign settlement. Above is a group of these children. They have been found by the police wandering in the streets, and have no idea themselves where they belong. It usually takes about a month to get the youngsters into good condition. At first they are mere inert, moaning lumps of humanity, that lie motionless beneath the cotton quilts; then one morning the little mite suddenly smiles. That is the first step to a recovery that often seems marvelous. Before one knows it, the youngster is eating three bowls of rice three times a day, has developed a dimple (a wine

pocket, as the Chinese call it) and is running about the ward. After they leave St. Elizabeth's they are sent to a municipal orphanage, where they wait till homes can be found for them. As Chinese parents are very farsighted they are often eager to adopt future bridegrooms for their daughters or brides for their sons.

The second picture is of the day wardress of the prisoners' ward. The court sends her to guard the adult prisoners that it sends us. The women are kept till they are well and then sent back to prison. Last year an old woman about sixty wrapped herself in her cotton quilt and jumped out of the second story window. She escaped quite unharmed. The Chinese would say that in her picture the wardress looks "fierce," which, by the



II



III

way, is proper Chinese and not imported slang. However she is not. All the children call her "Ma."

In the third picture the biggest boy with the turbanlike bandage was intensely disgusted with his picture. He says that on account of his bandage he looks like a Hindu, and he is vastly insulted. He immediately asked to have another taken, without his bandage. In a moment of typical Chinese anger, his head was hammered open with an iron shovel and he lost several ounces of brains, yet not enough to impair his healthy, masculine vanity.

The boy next to him has hip disease. He was one of the worst wrecks I have ever seen, and would have done for a famine relief picture when he came in to the hospital. For weeks we expected him to die, but you see how pessimistic we were. One of the nurses gave him a goldfish in a glass globe. He has taken good care of the little fish, feeds him and changes the water. At times he substitutes a big basin for the fish to swim in, because he thinks the fish may be tired of such a small pond. The children call the goldfish "Little Brother."

Immediately in front of him is a

little slave girl. Her face was a mass of sores, and as she refused to keep bandages on, her cheeks were always adorned with tufts of cotton, like white whiskers. The Chinese are very quick and clever at nicknames, and at once called the little girl "The small Santa Claus." After "Small Santa Claus" had been with us about a month she was quite well and ready to go home. Her owners were sent for to take her away. At sight of them she began to cry, and came running to me. "Please keep me, O! foreign doctor," she said. "I want to stay and be the little slave of the hospital." When we explained that Christian hospitals did not have slaves, she begged to be allowed to stay just one more week. Her owners consented and we kept her. I hate to see the little children leave us and go back to their lives as slaves.

Holding the hand of "Small Santa Claus" is "Blue Moon." As her name is Moon and she is always dressed in blue, you see how her nickname arose. One day I was in the ward with my hat and coat on, and discovered that I had a copper in my pocket. Very unobtrusively I transferred that copper to the hand of "Blue Moon," whose



IV



V

warm, little fingers closed over it eagerly. Miss Lanman, who is in charge of the Waifs' Orphanage, came to take her away a few days later. "Blue Moon" was highly incensed at the thought of it. She grabbed her chart and held it out triumphantly to Miss Lanman. "Behold, I have fever," she announced. "I cough, I cannot eat my rice; at night I cannot sleep. Moreover, the doctor wishes me well. She has given me a copper."

In picture 4, Peter, who is a girl, is combing "Er-ts'" hair. We found her at it in the ward and merely transferred the group to the porch. Peter belongs to nobody. Some one brought her to the hospital when she was a baby and left her. She was riddled with disease, but is well on the way to a complete recovery. The patchy part of her head is where her hair has been shaved to apply medicine. Peter can say, "Good morning, Dr. Fullerton," very nicely, and is as proud as a peacock about it.

Picture 5 is a group of waifs rolling bandages. As the children grow better we like to provide some occupation for them. Their time is divided between rolling bandages, knitting, learning hymns and playing. We

take our old Christmas cards over to them, and some of the bigger ones are allowed to cut out pictures with blunt scissors. The Bible-woman tells them Bible stories and teaches them the words of the hymns. The hymn tunes are the same familiar ones, though the words are strange Chinese characters. The children like to sing, and often sing to key up their courage when their dressings are done. They even sing "There is a happy land, far, far away."

The youngster in the back at the left in picture 6 has acquired the hospital habit. She has been in three times this year with pneumonia! The fattest one in front had a severe case of hookworm anemia, but now her cheeks are rosy pink. The youngster in the patch-work jacket, our Joseph, has bone tuberculosis. She is slowly improving. "Small Santa Claus" so much enjoyed having her picture taken that I let her stand in the middle.

The three girls in picture 7 selected themselves, as they all had tubercular hands. The girl in the center tried to commit suicide by eating opium. She had been in the hospital about two weeks and had always seemed happy. Her hand was much better.



VI



VII

One morning she asked me if she might go home for the day to get fresh clothes. Finding her purpose laudable, I consented. In the evening they brought her back in great excitement, saying she had eaten opium. She was brought in time for the antidotes to have full effect. Since then she has been watched, as she says she must die. She is a second wife and unhappy.

Eight is a picture of the head maternity nurse. She has quite a history. She developed a tubercular ankle and her husband deserted her. It was a very bad case and her leg had to be amputated. She was very slow in learning to walk on her artificial leg. When at last she was well and able to leave, she had had some seven months' treatment in the hospital free of charge. Her husband refused to have anything to do with her because she had tuberculosis, and there was no one to pay her "rice money." She was extremely grateful and begged to be allowed to stay and help with the work of the hospital. As the hospital was very short of nurses, she was allowed to stay on trial. But San-me is a born nurse, and has become invaluable. When Dr.

Lee was going to open the new hospital at Wusih this winter he wanted to borrow two of our nurses to begin with. Dr. Fullerton asked San-me if she would be willing to go and start a new hospital. Zum-bau, the druggist, was also asked if she would like to go. "I would go anywhere to see the world," answered Zum-bau, "if I did not have a husband and child in Shanghai. Therefore I cannot go.



VIII

But you can go, San-me, you have no one." San-me drew herself up. "You speak wrongly," she answered, "as you have your husband and child, so I have Dr. Fullerton and St. Elizabeth's Hospital. I cannot leave them."

Babies in China look like bambinos of the early Christian Church. I am quite converted to their method of tying them up, which is a compromise between America's long clothes and the swaddling clothes of the continent. The babies are dressed in loose, short clothes, then laid in the center of a square, cotton-padded quilt, three corners turned up and tied. The fourth corner protects the baby's head. Even a "mere man" cannot be afraid of breaking a baby done up in this warm, snug package.

The last picture is a group of the nurses. The nurse without an apron was chagrined to be taken without her proper uniform. There are now fourteen nurses. Since Miss Len-



hart has arrived we have begun a training school. They have eight classes a week and are very eager to learn. We hope some time to have new and adequate dormitories for the nurses, including a study room.

SOME REAL PEOPLE IN HACHIOJI

By the Reverend R. A. Walke

HANAKO'S GOOD END

SHE was an old woman, somewhere around seventy years of age. As a conversationalist her two most impressive characteristics were an entire absence of teeth and an entire presence of the vile Sendai dialect. The consequence was that I could grasp about one-tenth of what she said. However, a comprehensive smile did as well as a comprehending mind until she ended something with "ka," which indicates a question. Then her daughter had to translate. Also she was deaf. To repeat a banal remark over and over again with increasing vehemence, until all the neighbors knew that the "outsider" was confiding to his convert that "We have not had rain for ten days"—to do this is distressful.

Nevertheless, Hanako was a dear old lady, and we miss her.

She lived with a daughter who is teacher in a woman's penitentiary, and who is an exceptionally fine woman and an earnest Christian. Surely there has never been a better daughter. Unfortunately she does not belong to us, but to the "Evangelical Alliance." Personally I do not think she is happy with them, as she always comes to our services when she can, and had us instruct her mother.

Hanako was confirmed about two years ago, and has since been wonderfully regular at service, considering the fact that she was partly paralyzed and that where paralysis ceased rheumatism began. Two people would assist her from her tiny house to the preaching place. Although very



A GROUP IN HACHIOJI

The old lady at the left is Hanako; behind her stands Murako's husband. The woman in black standing about in the centre is Murako; Mr. Walke may be seen over her right shoulder

tired and suffering, she would not receive where she was seated on the mats, but would insist on struggling to the front to be with her fellow communicants.

About a month ago the daughter was taken sick. The old lady tried to do too much, and when we heard of it neither was able to move. The old lady never rallied. "Send for teacher," she told them. So we used to go and have the service for her. Although terribly weak, she was quite conscious, and would refuse to receive the cup until they had raised her to some semblance of a reverent attitude.

She fell asleep one day when I had to be in Tokyo. They say her last words were something about me; doubtless in reference to the blessed Comforter who had come to her in the Sacrament. I have never known one to whom religion meant more, or to whom the One Perfect Sacrifice brought greater joy and consolation.

When I slipped in late that night, kind Christian hands had performed

all the last offices. In the 12 x 9 room Hanako lay quiet in her little pine box. In the 6 x 6 room, the only other in the house, lay the sick woman, unable at the end to raise a hand to help her for whom she had slaved since childhood. The daughter's head was not six inches from the mother's feet, a paper slide alone intervening.

As they were about to fasten the top on the coffin the sick daughter said something I could not catch. There was a hunt, and at last a prayer book was found and placed on the old lady's heart. "Also the big print Testament that teacher gave her," said the daughter. Another search and the beloved Gospel was placed beside the Prayer Book. A third time an order was given, and "Be sure it's the good pair." The old soul's glasses, the good pair, were placed beside the books she could read only with their assistance. Superstition? Doubtless, but to me the charming, untiring care of a dutiful daughter.

The little preaching place was crowded the next day. It was not,

perhaps, a very Churchly service. Every device but force had to be resorted to in order to keep people from squatting in the door and blocking the way. Getting your friends to go up higher is a difficult job in this country. Then, too, there were two long sermons, one by priest and one by catechist. Officers from the penitentiary, the doctor, and dozens of friends heard for the first time of the hope and comfort that are ours and may become theirs. Many have expressed themselves as tremendously impressed by it all.

It may be that the poor obscure little woman will, by her death, influence Hachioji to a degree out of all proportion to any influence she exerted while alive.

Hanako made a good end.

THE PRAYER OF FAITH

“‘UNTO the third and fourth generation.’ And you say the visitation seems to cease at the third or fourth generation, because if for that time parent and child commit the same sin there will be no succeeding generation? Ah, me! My ancestors were drunkards, and when young I myself was one and—I have no child.” Thus Murako’s husband.

He has had a varied Christian experience. This is the tale as ’twas told to me. Some twenty-five years ago he became a Christian. He belonged to some of our friends who place murder, smoking and adultery in the same category; who make a pipe and perdition synonymous terms. He is rather a thoughtful man, and decided that a pipe of tobacco occasionally was not wrong, if he could afford the price. “Where is the wrong?” he asked them. “Heresy!” they cried, and rose up to cast him out. So out he went.

But he sent his wife and adopted daughter to church. “Does your honorable husband still smoke?” they inquired. On being told that he did the

wife and daughter were requested to stop at home until the head of the house reformed. They were drifting when the Church came to Hachioji. Before I came here to live they got in touch with the catechist, and have since then been among our standbys. I very much doubt if Murako’s husband spends twenty-five cents a month on tobacco. I am no friend of tobacco for poor Japanese, and frankly say so. But we place the essentials and the advisables on different planes.

Some time ago Murako was taken sick. She had, I believe, a sort of combination of bronchitis, pleurisy, pneumonia, and a few other things. She grew steadily worse. The doctor, a good Roman Catholic, said he could do no more; that humanly speaking there was no hope; God alone could help her.

I arrived that day to find the husband alone in his little tailor-shop. He was attempting no work, but sat quietly reading his Bible.

“Do you know what St. James says in his last chapter?”

“I do,” said I.

“Did he mean it?” he asked again.

“He did,” said I.

“Will you anoint my wife?”

“I will.”

“When?”

“Tomorrow morning.”

With that I sped to Tokyo to find the bishop, the Prayer Book having failed me. He, fortunately had an appropriate prayer, which Rev. Mr. Kobayashi kindly translated into Japanese for me. The next morning, before she received the sacrament, we prayed over her, anointing her with oil.

The first time she went out was to service on Easter Day—a true Eucharist. She is as strong today as ever in her life.

The Roman doctor stoutly maintains it a miracle, and this American priest has heard no better word suggested to describe Murako’s recovery.

JOHNNY AND THE SUGAR

By Archdeacon Stuck



JOHNNY FRED is a boy of sixteen years, who ever since his young childhood has been in the care of the Alaska Mission. When he was four years old, Miss Woods, who was then at Circle City, took him upon the death of

his mother, and he lived for a long time with her at Fort Yukon, known as "Miss Woods's Johnny."

I remember, eight years ago, when I was coming down the Yukon in a small boat with the bishop on one of his visitations, that we reached Fort Yukon very early in the morning. In the summer time there is no night in Alaska, and this was in June, when the sun shines all the twenty-four hours of the day. The Indians turn night into day during this time of the year—if you can speak of night when there is *no* night. The mosquitoes are a little less bad in the hours when the sun is low in the sky, and most of the natives and some of the white people stay up all night and go to bed early in the morning. The children are noisily playing around until one or two o'clock at night and those who would keep regular hours find it difficult to do so. It was about seven in the morning when we reached Fort Yukon and the whole village was wrapped in sleep. The last midnight revellers and rompers had gone to bed. We fired off a gun several times to give intimation of our approach, but when we beached

the little boat in front of the village there was not a sign of life. We went up to the mission house and beat upon the door. We waited and waited, but there was no response, so we beat on the door again. At last we heard the patter of feet, and a voice inside the door said, "Go away! Go away! Miss Woods says go away!" A hearty laugh evidently disconcerted the speaker, for presently a blind was withdrawn from the side window and a fat, round Indian face peeped out.



JOHNNY FRED AND TAN

The change that came over that face as the black eyes saw us standing at the door, I shall never forget. Then we heard a voice crying, "Miss Woods! Miss Woods! Archdeacon! Bishop!"

That was Johnny—"Miss Woods's Johnny"—"Johnny Fred," as he is known in these days when every Indian feels obliged to take to himself a surname. Fearing very much the consequences of the Indians making themselves like white men, and being anxious that they should be God-fearing, self-respecting Indians rather than imitation white men, I have never looked with much favor on the eagerness to get surnames which the Indian boys all show. But it is a small matter, and when Johnny went to Nenana to school a couple of years ago, there were a number of other Johnnies, so he took his father's name as a surname, and was known as Johnny Fred. You will recognize that this is a process by which most of us received our own surnames. I suppose the strictly proper way to have made Johnny's surname would have been to say "Johnny Fredson," that is, Johnny the son of Fred. One of the things that makes life among these Indian people so interesting is that their primitive customs and manners throw light upon the origin of our own customs and manners.



NANOOK

So Johnny went to Nenana and had the great advantage of being for a year under the care and nurture of that very noble gentlewoman, Miss Annie C. Farthing, who gave her life for the children at Nenana on St. Andrew's Day, 1910. I think every boy of the many who were under her influence bears unmistakably the traces of it today, and will bear them, I think, as long as he lives.

When I was planning to climb that great mountain in Alaska—and I hope those who read this will learn to call it Denali (Den-ah'-li)—I was in need of two native boys to help me with the dog teams, and I had long since picked out Johnny Fred and Esaias George—who got his surname in the same way Johnny did—for that purpose. Every one of the older boys in the school was anxious to go. I think any healthy boy in any school, white or Indian, would be anxious to go on such an expedition, but I had picked out Johnny and Esaias because I knew them both well, and was certain that they could be entirely depended upon. So Esaias drove the mission team, which I had borrowed for the occasion, and Johnny drove my own team, and Mr. Karstens, who was my partner in this enterprise, organized the whole expedition of six men and boys and fourteen dogs, so that every person in the party had his own special duties to perform. In this way the making and breaking of camp on the daily journey, and all the details that had to be attended to, were done promptly and efficiently.

I must pass over the story of the journey across the country to the base of the mountain. We had to pick up our supplies from the place where we had left them the previous summer when we took them in by boat; we had to relay these supplies towards the foot of the mountain, and all this time both Esaias and Johnny were exceedingly useful to us and gave a faithful service that I shall never forget.



NEARING THE MOUNTAIN

But it was after we had reached the base camp, and Esaias had been sent back to the mission at Nenana with the mission team, that Johnny's difficulties began. We did not plan to take Johnny to the top of the mountain. It was necessary for someone to stay down at the base camp and take care of the dogs when we had used them as far as we could, and Johnny had been designed for this task.

We used the dogs half-way up the mountain, for a great glacier, which is a slowly moving river of ice,—*very* slowly moving in this case, perhaps not more than a few inches a year—makes a regular highway by which one gets to the very heart of the mountain, and rises to a height of 11,500 feet. However, this is not quite as easy as it sounds, for the glacier is split and cracked from side to side into what are called “crevasses.” Now the open crevasses are a difficulty and a hindrance in passing up the glacier, but it is the hidden crevasses, covered with a thin coating of snow, which constitute much of the danger of travelling on the glacier. A man who was not exceedingly careful might step on what seemed like solid ice and fall through a hidden crevasse into a gulf maybe hundreds of feet

deep. So we prospected our trail up this glacier with the greatest care, staking out the trail as we had established it with willow shoots, so that however much the wind might blow or the snow might fall we could still see, by these willow shoots sticking up, where the safe path lay.

Thus we proceeded slowly and carefully up the great mountain, making first one camp and then another, relaying our supplies and equipment with the dog team, and Johnny was most useful in aiding us in this work, for while Mr. Karstens, Mr. Tatum and I were prospecting the trail ahead, Johnny and my half-breed boy, Walter Harper, were bringing up the loads of stuff over the trail we had staked out.

Just before we reached the head and end of the glacier a great misfortune befell our party. We had taken one load up to the head of the glacier and had picked out a place to make a camp, and had “cached” the stuff there. To “cache” stuff in Alaska is to put it in a safe place where you can come back and get it, and it is a word in general use in the North. Now a cache of food and other supplies had been covered with three little silk tents that we expected to use in the higher parts of the mountain, when we could no

longer use the dogs, and everything had to be packed on our backs. We had sat down and rested after our toil and had eaten the lunch that we had brought with us, and had drunk hot cocoa from the thermos bottles, and then Karstens and I smoked our pipes. There are some people who think it is a terribly bad thing to smoke a pipe, and I am not going to quarrel with them about that, because it certainly was a terribly bad thing in this case that we smoked our pipes; for, after lighting them, one of us—we never knew who and it doesn't make any difference—must have thrown away a match carelessly before it was extinguished. That match must have fallen upon the silk tents on top of the cache, and the tents must have caught fire and smouldered for a long time.

Our pipes done, we went down the glacier to bring up another load, and four or five hours later, when we were again approaching the place where our cache had been made, we were surprised to see smoke. Now it is fixed

in the mind of one who travels in the far north that *smoke* means *man*. Often and often, after a long day's journey through the snows, expecting to make a lonely camp at night, the sight of smoke in the distance has caused my heart to leap up, for it meant warmth and shelter and human companionship. So when I saw this smoke rising from our cache it flashed through my mind that someone must have come over from the other side of the mountain, and although we had reason to believe that there was no possible way by which anyone *could* come over from the other side of the mountain, yet so strongly is this notion fixed in the minds of Alaskans that smoke means man, that I felt certain that somebody must be camping at the place where we had cached our supplies—maybe some starving person, who had lost his way miles up the mountain, had stumbled on our provision of food and had kindled a fire from our wood to cook some of it. But as we drew closer it was evident that

the smoke was rising from the cache itself, and all at once we realized that our stuff was on fire! Leaving the dog team and hurrying forward as fast as was safe—for the trail went in and out among crevasses—we reached the spot to find most of our stuff consumed. Doubtless a little breeze had sprung up and had fanned into flame the smouldering tent, and the dry wood of the boxes which contained our supplies had caught fire from it. All the sugar was gone, all our powdered milk and our baking powder; a case of pilot bread, our dried apples, our dried fruit and all sorts of other supplies were burned. A sack containing sixteen pairs of



FEELING THE WAY AROUND A CREVASSE



THE BASE CAMP WHERE JOHNNY SPENT A MONTH ALONE

In the background of haze, in the centre of the picture, dimly appears a peak which the archdeacon has named Mt. Farthing, in honor of the woman who gave her life for Johnny and his comrades at St. Mark's School, Nenana

heavy woolen socks and many pairs of gloves and mittens and fur garments was burned. Worst of all, as I thought, another sack with thirty spools of film for my camera had been exposed to the heat, so that every one of them was spoiled. It was a great misfortune, but it might easily have been worse, for the pemmican, the milk chocolate and other supplies that we had reserved religiously for the high regions of the mountain, had not yet been brought up. We should be compelled to do without many things that we ought to have had, but there remained to us what was absolutely necessary. We were cast down, but not destroyed!

Now I haven't time to tell you how we did our best to make good this loss, how we cut and sewed socks out of our blankets, and how we made tents out of sled covers. The sugar and the milk and the baking powder were gone, and that meant that we were

without sugar for a month, and without bread for a couple of weeks. It is bad enough to be without sugar in temperate climates, but in the North the stomach craves sweet things much more than it does elsewhere. We usually consume great quantities of sugar in Alaska, and now we had to do without any at all.

At length, when all our stuff was moved up to the head of the glacier, we were done with Johnny and the



team. The boy cast longing eyes towards the higher regions of the mountain, and would have been rejoiced at the chance of climbing it, but his duty was below, and he recognized it. We took him up to the top of the ridge on which the next stage of our journey was to be spent, so that he would be able to say he had been up to 12,000 or 12,500 feet, and then we sent him down with the dogs to the base camp, where it was his business to kill game and feed the dogs until our return.

We told him we expected to be back in two weeks; but our confident expectation was disappointed. The ridge, shattered by an earthquake of the previous summer, proved far harder to climb than we had expected: the weather, which had been fairly good, on the whole, until this time, now began to be persistently bad. It was more than a month ere we returned to Johnny, and all that time the boy had been by himself at the base camp without the possibility of seeing a living soul. As we came down the mountain, gratified and jubilant at our success, grateful and glorying in that our feet were the first ever to press the summit of the highest mountain in North America, we began to be very anxious about Johnny. So long as our task lay before us unaccomplished we had little thought or anxiety to spare for anything else, but I think I speak for every one of the party when I say that the night we came down from the summit to our 18,000 foot camp, every mind was occupied with Johnny. What had happened to the boy? Had he grown alarmed at our prolonged absence, and perhaps sought to make his way to the nearest men, some fifty miles away? Roaming the hills with a rifle, might not some accident have happened to him? All sorts of harrowing imaginations like these passed through our minds—for it is curious how men will torture themselves—and we were all as eager to get to the bottom as we had been to get to the top.

I think we took many more chances coming down that mountain than we did going up, and the chances were mainly on account of Johnny. When the question of camping at our old 15,000 foot spot was mooted, all four of us said, "No, let's push on and get down," and in two days we descended from the 18,000 foot camp to the base camp at the foot of the mountain at an altitude of about 4,000 feet, impelled by our anxiety about Johnny.

It was a joy and an enormous relief to find the boy well and happy. He had faithfully fulfilled his task. He had killed two caribou and three mountain sheep. He had dragged them into camp by the aid of the dogs, skinned them, cut them up and cooked them, and both the dogs and Johnny were fat and well-favored. I shall never forget the great load that was lifted from my heart as we approached that base camp, peering, long before it was possible to see, for a sight of Johnny, when at last we saw him, also returning to camp from a hunt, on one of the opposite hills. He gave a great shout when he saw us and came running, and never stopped until he had reached us and taken the pack from my back and put it on his own.

But the most touching thing about Johnny's fidelity I have yet to tell. The boy knew that all our sugar and all our milk was destroyed; knew that we had been living for a month without them. Now a little ration of everything that we ourselves possessed had been left at the base camp for Johnny, and the boy had carefully saved all the sugar and milk that belonged to his ration—had not touched a spoonful of either, that on our return we might enjoy what we had been for so long deprived of! I do not think many boys of sixteen, or any other age, would have done the like, and I shall never forget Johnny's unselfishness and kindly thought for us.

Johnny is the sort of Indian lad we are trying to rear at our missions.



NEARING THE
SUMMIT

The man in the lead is picking his way carefully, sounding with the pole to discover hidden crevasses. The real summit of the mountain lies between and back of the two apparent peaks

Perhaps some special care has been given to him because we hope to make him a clergyman. He is a very intelligent boy, as many of the native boys are, and writes as good a letter, I think, as the average boy of sixteen within the United States. But better than that, he is a true-hearted, loyal youth. His word I would take absolutely, about anything.

Boys like this—and, thank God, we have many such—are a great encouragement and inspiration to those who are laboring among the native peoples of Alaska. You may be sure that it was with hearts full of gratitude to God, who had so mercifully protected

and preserved us in this long and dangerous undertaking, that we set out on our fifty-mile tramp across country to the place where the boat was cached in which we were to return to the Yukon.

I brought a piece of granite down from the highest point at which rock is found on the mountain—about 19,000 feet—and I had a jeweller make four scarf pins and set a little polished fragment of the stone in each, as a souvenir. There were four of us on top and four scarf pins were made, but as I don't wear scarf pins I sent mine to Johnny and I know he was proud to get it.



JOHNNY FRED AT THE SCHOOL IN
NENANA

It is evident that Johnny is able to care for other things than dogs

FOR THE SONS OF THE SOIL

By the Right Reverend George A. Beecher, D. D.

Perhaps there is no place within the bounds of the United States where the Church is making so distinct an effort on behalf of rural populations as in the district of Western Nebraska. Bishop Beecher is himself a son of the soil, having spent his whole life within the state. The statement which he here presents must impress the reader as practical and patriotic in the highest degree.



KEARNEY HALL

IN 1890, when Bishop Graves was elected Bishop of the missionary district of The Platte, a tract of land located about a mile from the city of Kearney was offered to him if he would erect a school on the property for the education of boys and girls of Western Nebraska. After some effort the Bishop succeeded in raising the amount necessary for the erection of the building known as Kearney Hall and two dormitories for the students. This school was run as a coeducational institution for the first ten years. It was then converted into a boys' military academy, and has been conducted as such ever since.

In 1906, through the gift of \$25,000 from the citizens of Kearney and a similar amount from Mrs. Eva Cochran, of New York, a splendid new concrete building was erected and an addition of ten acres of land purchased,

making in all thirty-five acres. The school has been conducted for the past twelve or fifteen years by a layman, who leased the property from the bishop in terms of three years. The last lease expired on the first of June, 1913. At this time I took over the property and placed a priest of the Church at the head of the school as rector. Upon making this change I found that it was necessary to make extensive repairs and improvements in the property, as the physical conditions were deplorable. It was necessary to put in new plumbing, build new dormitories and make extensive improvements and repairs in the new building to the extent of \$10,000. There has been no debt on the property, but these repairs were absolutely necessary or I would lose the boys from the school. I am delighted to be able to report that on the opening of the school last September there was a larger enrollment than ever before in the history of the school.

The chief industry in Western Nebraska is agriculture. The boys who come to this school are from homes in the surrounding country and adjoining states. I have realized for a number of years how necessary it was that every boy should be taught how to appreciate the soil as the source of all production, and to have a respect for farming as a profession. The average boy on the farm to-day sees his father wearing shiftless and dirty clothing; he sees the animals cared for in a shiftless manner; he sees the machinery of the farm lying about under the open sky, unsheltered—in



"THE BREAD LINE"

Sometimes on fine days the boys dine out of doors in camp style

short, there is little in the farmer boy's environment to-day to stimulate him to any degree of respect for or interest in farming as an occupation or profession. He grows up with the longing to become old enough to leave the farm and go into the city, where he becomes either a cog in the industrial machinery, or, through unwholesome environment and association, a fitting subject for the reformatory and penal institutions of our country. It should be the chief aim of all our educational institutions to counteract this tendency toward despising the farm and rural life. The girls should be taught the economy and science of housekeeping, and how to lead pure and healthy lives; the boys should be taught the value of possessing in their own name the title and deed to a few acres of land, as property owners of the country.

It is my earnest desire, therefore, to be able to add to the academic course in this Church school for boys an up-to-date agricultural department. This will require a suitable building, with every modern and scientific equipment possible for the study of



OUR MAIL CARRIER MOUNTED ON YELLOW HEAD



COCHRAN HALL

practical and scientific farming. It is my plan to make all this land, which is owned by the Church, an experimental farm, where the boys can be taught the methods, scientific and practical, of soil culture. In this plan there will be a continuous summer school as well as a winter school; the summer school will operate the farm and the winter school will develop the laboratory work. This building will cost at least \$40,000, equipped, and it would be absolutely necessary to have an endowment sufficient to guarantee the salary of a scientific instructor for this special department.

In addition to the thirty-five acres owned by the school, we would purchase or lease an additional tract of land adjoining the school, sufficient for all purposes connected with the farm. This department of agriculture, in connection with the academic course, would increase by 150 per cent. the attendance and the influence of the school as an agency for the Church in the Middle West. We have at present eighty-three boys in residence, and half of these boys are anxious to study agriculture. We are working on the simplest possible basis at present in a small laboratory with one trained teacher and more students

anxious to learn than we have room to accommodate.

The Kearney Military Academy is bound to be a power for good throughout the entire West, because it is the only school of its kind at present between the Missouri River and the Rocky Mountains, where boys who come from un-churched communities—and in large measure from Churchless homes—can have the stimulus and influence of a religious environment and training while they are acquiring their knowledge of the material things of life.

My greatest need just at the present time is \$9,000 to pay off all indebtedness on the new repairs and equipment of last summer. After this is done I would like to have the means to build a new Agricultural Hall and to install two irrigating wells with pumps. This will make this school-farm a center of interest and education to the whole country. Farmers will come from every direction to see it in operation. I appeal to the friends of boys to help me create an institution which I am convinced will be one of the greatest influences for Christian manhood and the development of good citizenship in the state and nation.



THE FIRST CHINESE BRANCH OF BOY SCOUTS

BOY SCOUTS IN CHINA

By the Reverend Arthur M. Sherman

IN THIS day of many new things in changing China one is not surprised to hear that the first Chinese Boy Scout Squad has been organized. There are sixty in this first company at Boone University, Wuchang. The boys in that far-away land are the same as boys everywhere; they have entered heartily in the movement and are finding out, as boys in many other countries have found out, what fun it is.

The number of boys entering the preparatory department of Boone has increased so rapidly during the last few years that the Rev. Dr. Jackson, President of the University, has been casting about in his mind to find a way to give the boys the attention and help that boys between the ages of twelve and sixteen years especially need. Not long ago, after careful study of the work of the Boy Scout Move-

ment, realizing the wonderful work it had done in building up the characters of boys in other parts of the world, he determined to introduce it in Wuchang.

It has not taken long to prove its usefulness. Writing of the Squad recently, Mr. Ernest K. Kan says:

"Although the Scout Movement here at Boone is in its infancy, wonderful results have already been seen. The general character of the scouts has greatly improved; impure language is seldom heard; lost property is almost always returned as soon as the owner can be ascertained; the scouts are rarely found telling falsehoods; diligence in study is gradually improving, and the scouts are taught to love and honor their Alma Mater."

This change means a great deal more in China than it does in America. Boys in American homes are

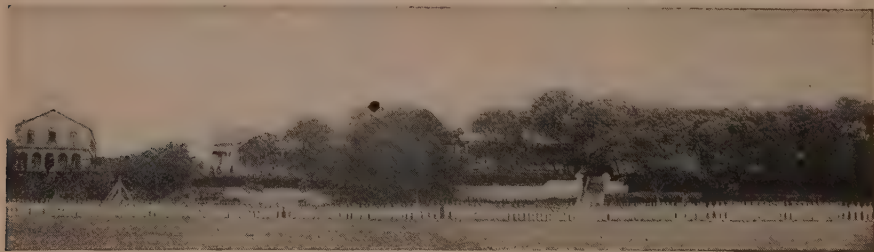
taught to be honest, truthful, and pure. But that is because this is a Christian land. The Boy Scout movement is wonderful here, and does much to help boys do what is right, but in China it has a great deal more to do. China is not a Christian country yet, and boys are not taught in their homes always to tell the truth, and to do other things which the Boy Scout promises. China therefore needs the movement far more than England and America, and it is good to know that our Mission has started it.

Only in a mission school could such a movement be started. For one reason it is only in a mission school that a suitable leader could be found. The splendid progress of the squad in Boone is due largely to the efficiency of their scout master, Mr. Benjamin Yen. Mr. Yen is a young man of ability and spiritual strength, and has an eager purpose to see his country strong and good. He tries to follow Christ himself, and lead as many others as he can to love Him. I remember his having to be sent away from school because of illness, two or more years ago. He went to a distant village to rest. It had been the home of his grandparents, but of course they knew nothing about the strange new religion that he had come to love. So he determined to use his time of rest in proclaiming the Gospel mes-

sage. Thus he wrote to a friend: "In the day-time we were sitting together with them to talk of the things new and old, especially of Jesus Christ. Many of them do not know how to read, but a few know very well, so we talked with them about the Gospel day and night, and sent books and tracts to those who can read. They were very glad and strange on hearing the name and things of our Christ."

During the revolution Mr. Yen, who is now in college preparing for the ministry, lost his home and possessions in the tragic burning of Hankow. He had at that time valuable personal experience in Red Cross relief work. Shells and bullets, wounded and dying men, were very real to him. So he came to his new work as scout master unusually qualified by experience and character. In addition to this, with his assistant, Mr. Fu, he went to Shanghai for a few weeks last year, where under the instruction of the Chief Scout Master of the Shanghai Boy Scouts (not Chinese), he learned how to organize a troop, to drill them, and such other things as a scout master should know.

The Scouts at Boone have a reading room where indoor games, books and pictures amuse them after drill hours. They will be glad to receive from any interested reader anything that would help to make these headquarters more attractive.



THE GROUNDS OF BOONE UNIVERSITY AND THE STUDENTS DRAWN UP FOR DRILL



THE BAREFOOTED OLD TAOS WITH THEIR FIGHTING COCKS

THE HOPE OF THE PHILIPPINES

By the Reverend Walter C. Clapp

VERY distinctly do I remember one day, nine or ten years ago, being borne joltingly along a dusty coast road in Northern Luzon in a native carromata. The vehicle was rattling and rickety, the driver furiously vociferous, the ponies (two, and an auxiliary one abreast) bony, but nervous and game; the whole outfit, with its loose bolts and rope-tied harness conveying to the passenger the impression that almost any sort of accident might happen at any moment. But what was there in the succession of disagreeable villages, towns with their related barrios, through which the coast road passes, that gave promise of anything better?

Not the general aspect, certainly. Philippine views are picturesque, but remember that photography takes no account of dirt. Not the old, weather-

beaten, moth-eaten, bat-infested, ill-smelling churches. Not the fat crumple-faced old padre, shaking dice for *bino* in the local tienda; nor the bare-footed old *taos* bestowing their best affections and caresses on their sleek fighting-cocks as they squatted in groups at the gathering corners. They had no evident ambition but to rake in pesetas, the earnings of their favorite birds. But the children? "Yes, there is hope in them," I thought, as their bright eyes shot at me from the windows of nipa shacks, as their cheery, musical voices greeted the *Americano*, laboriously careering and careening along in his weak-springed, chartered carromata. "Good mo-rrrr-ning, Sir," says the staid, straight-backed school-boy, clad neatly in speckled "Singapore cloth," books under his arm.

If one reads the annals of the Isl-

ands with a mind sensitive to the spirit of the Filipinos, I think he must feel that, given half a chance, these people have been ready and willing to be enlightened and to progress. For evidence of this tendency one has only to walk or ride through the streets of Manila in the morning hours and see the crowds of well-clad children and youth of both sexes on their way to school, and to learn from them or from their teachers how hard-working they are in their pursuit of learning. Incidentally, while doing this, there comes the thought that possibly, nay probably, even the old cock-loving *tao* is enough interested in the process to gather somehow the pesos to pay for shoe-leather and clean clothes for these same children. He hopes as little for his own change as we can hope it for him, but his inner spirit is not dead. He remembers, perhaps, an earlier day, long ago, when under some liberal governor a brighter light fired for a time his own ambition, only to be clouded again by a reversal of policy—and revolution; but he is willing to make the venture again “para los niños, Señor!” And so he laboriously and grimly digs up the pesetas—or gambles for them—that his son Pedro may wear American shoes and a clean suit, and go to the *Escuela Normal*. Many questions might be interpolated right here. What does Pedro think he will do with his education when he gets it? Is the summit of his ambition, perhaps, the stool of an *escribiente*, where he will slowly and patiently write pages of copper-plate that put his American teacher to the blush? Possibly, now; but there stands the immense *Escuela Industrial*, witnessing the fact that our young Filipino is being guided into other paths, and that he is learning the way.

The problem is not so much what Pedro will do today, as what another Pedro will do when, with his own vision of life's purposes clarified proportionately with those of his teachers,

he stands upon his feet, recognizing himself and being recognized, as the Filipino Man,—not the pampered son of an *ilustrado*, but the ordinary human output, on which the character of any people ultimately depends.

If the son of my cochero of the coast road shall grow up to realize how much more dignified and worthy a thing it is to keep his carromata in good repair, his harnesses mended, his horses well-fed, we shall have a concrete secular illustration of that proper self-respect which right treatment of the Filipinos may be expected to evoke. And if, further, we add, that the whole equipage of this cochero junior will most likely be quite different from anything turned out from an American livery stable, we shall be recognizing the last essential element in the situation—the native genius. The vehicle will doubtless be still a carromata, not a buggy. And who are we, to insist upon an American harness, if the Filipino has found another sort that suits him and his little horse better!

Apply the main features of all this to the work among the non-Christian people of the mountains. Here we can have no hope for the adult, unclothed, long-haired Igorot of Bontok. He would gladly see the American depart; he would then take up his *pinang* (head-ax) and *tofai* (spear) and *kalassai* (shield) and go a-head-hunting. His wife, especially, would be very much pleased. But in the Igorot child, as with his lowland cousin, there is hope.

Up in our mountain valley, with very few Americans, or Filipinos (for your thorough Igorot insists that he is not one) to complicate the situation, our first delightful contact was with the children,—children with all that nature uses to make them attractive. Why, we could even stand the dirt! But they had minds, too, and bright eyes, and love for laughter. I shall never forget the hopes that came



THE BOYS OF BONTOC

thronging to me the first day that Pit-a-pit (since become our classic instance) walked gaily down the road from school by my side. Nor Ngo-ngo (now Christopher) trotting on the same road *is kwabna* (to the lower house) grasping one finger of my hand, and prattling with that intelligent, incisive delivery of the syllables which made one almost understand Igorot without learning it. He had then just been baptized, and each night when we reached the house he would kneel at my side to say his "Amami" (Our Father), sometimes hesitating after a sentence, and looking up with an earnest inquiring nod as if to say "Is that right?" Afterwards, tumbling into his cot, or after the manner of Igorot children, preferring to lie on the rough boards of the floor, he was quickly asleep. Christopher sent me recently the text of a debate he had made in school!

And what shall I say more,—of Piwi-wik, demure, dirty, dishevelled, but (as her name signified) dimpling, now our dear Emily; of Fantek, coy, self-conscious and always full of fun. These were some of the specials of the early days—I might make a long list—who have not been unknown to the past readers of this magazine.

We struggled with the first attempts to learn their words, and they began with greater success to pick up our language. The simplest Christian things were formulated, as best we could do it, in Igorot. The Holy Name and the briefest story of the Saviour were taught; and to hear the little brown ones, prone upon our *losab* (wooden floor) and looking at our scrap-books, exclaim in sweetest childish voices, "si Jesus!" as they recognized His Face, was music to our ears. We watched them at their games and at their work. The little girls dug *tav-ta-fa-ko* (pig-weed) in our yard for their piggies, and, for relaxation,—and quite modestly, I assure you—



THE SAME BOYS NOW

would stand on their heads with feet together, making a pyramid, while they sang softly a little song, never sung at any other time; words never ascertained, and probably "made up."

We watched the boys in their fierce battles—up and down the road, crowd against crowd, with clods and stones, fending the missiles with runo shields, with many an excited "*A-söm!*" hurled against the enemy,—all in fun, and considerably less bloody than a football game. We went to the river and saw them building weirs and traps for the "delicious" (slimy and nauseating, we thought) little *kachiu*, and turning up the stones for the succulent *fing-a*, *köt-an*, *lischig*, and various other disgusting snails. And then there were the feasts on these dainties when duty called the little ones to the rice-paddies to make warfare on the voracious, though diminutive, *tilin* (rice-birds) during the growing season. Igorot children are past masters at picnics.

It was all very interesting, very delightful, and very hopeful, too. For we made friends of the little folk in His Name; they listened to our teaching, and the Baptisms began; entrance into Christ's Spiritual Family and, in a proportion of cases, entrance under our poor roof as members of the mission family. Then, after a considerable interval and much more instruction, Confirmation and Communion.

"Success!" you say. Yes, and no. For Christianity, its teachings and its Sacraments should be, as some one has recently put it, like dynamite,—a powerful leaven for the work of human life and society, now and hereafter. I do not think we ever felt less sure than just at the stage when a considerable number of our children were "Christianized." Some of them lapsed, others deserted, a few came to America in exhibition crowds. Baguio and other points where high wages were offered attracted a number; some died; some were very ill and despaired of. Of those who stayed

one felt that they could not go on attending school forever, yet deliberately to send them back to native surroundings seemed to mean but one thing. We could not establish a segregated Christian colony. Marriage ventures were few, and then too frequently irregular, and mostly unhappy. The outlook was not cheering.

At this point stability began to be realized. The doors that often seemed to open in some wrong direction, when perhaps we would have closed them, did not prove to be always mischievous openings. Some of our boys came back from America unspoiled. Even Baguio and high wages did not blind to the true values all who went there. Lapsed Christians came back with renewed zeal. Desertions ceased. Joseph Padchingel, thought to be dying, has recovered health and has become a capable tailor. Pablo and Edith develop into pillars of the Tukuran mission, and are living happily together. Tomas, after a period of exile, returns to be a prospector for mission extension. Clement shows a vocation to the Sacred Ministry. Stanley is in Manila, studying to be a *practicante* in medicine. Josephine and Geraldine are at the House of the Holy Child, pointed toward the work of teaching. Romando, careful with the spoils of an exhibition trip to America, pays his own fare to go again for education. Hilary Pitapit, with ever-renewed energy and faithfulness, is preparing in the most thorough way to be a full-fledged *medico*.

"Maxima culpa!" We should not have dimmed our vision of the highest good through parental solicitude. "Our children" are, after all, God's children. Whether, actually, we could have seen more clearly the moment when responsibility could be borne, I do not know; but I fancy a fond guardian never thinks of his ward otherwise than as a "mere child." But God knows, and when the time comes, the child knows.



OUR FOUR GIRLS

THE HOUSE OF CHILDHOOD

By Celestine H. McCullough

TAP! tap! tap! That is the first sound heard, just at daylight, in "The House of Childhood" which stands beside the Watauga River in its winding course from Linville Gap to Shull's Mills, far up among the hills of North Carolina. So blue these hills seem from a distance that in looking at them a little child asked: "Mother, are the mountains the steps to God's home?" Perhaps they are, for they lift us up and give us courage for many things.

Tap! tap! tap! When this sound breaks upon our morning dreams it does not seem possible that the night can be over, and it is with great effort that we respond: "Yes, what is it?" A wee voice answers, "Is it time for me to say my prayers?" Then there is no longer any doubt that, whatever the clock may say, the day has begun in "The House of Childhood." One after another the five little ones come for their morning devotions. It is generally Joe who raps first, but Gladys and Nita, Lalia and George, ranging in age from five to ten years, soon follow. In a few minutes they have dressed themselves, and the house begins to hum with their merry noise.

Only a little over a year ago "The House of Childhood" was opened at

Prout School. It was the conviction of the priest at work in this section that if these schools could be established at all his mission stations, and were children taken into them at an early age before their habits had been definitely formed, an enormous expense of time and energy might be saved. There is so much that the children of the mountains have to unlearn when they come to a school for the first time at fourteen or fifteen years of age. To break down habits which have taken deep root is difficult, and sometimes to build up in their place others which will be permanent is even harder. It is only by strenuous effort that one can awaken minds grown sluggish and dull through inactivity.

So it was that a little over a year ago our dream of such a school began to be realized. We rented an old farmhouse into which we took six children—the five already mentioned and Martha, aged eleven. The house was the only one to be had within a radius of several miles. The roof leaked badly, so that when it rained the entire family (for such we prefer to call our household) had to rush around, take all the clothes down from our improvised closets, get all the tubs

and basins available, and drag beds here and yonder wherever there might be a dry spot. There was a time in the summer when the family were all out and a shower caught us and our beds also, for on our return we found one or two drenched, and some of the children were invited by their next-cot neighbor to spend the night.

The house was very meagerly furnished, but no one grumbled because there were not chairs enough to sit upon; we were thankful we had the house. When we had company to dinner the plates on which we served bread had to be given them, and the bread served on tin pot-covers, but these were kept shiny and bright, and everything was neat and clean. We did not have enough cups in the house, so when Joe followed a teacher around for one whole morning, every few minutes asking for a tooth-mug, which could not be had, he at last exclaimed, "I jest tell you what I kin do; I kin melt the top off of a tomato-can and use *hit*."

We certainly were granted the opportunity of putting into practical demonstration the idea of our clergyman, of teaching the children in their daily life and work "to do the best with what they have at the time and under conditions which they will meet in their own homes. If wood is to be used as fuel in the kitchen stove, we would teach them to be economical; if they have to bathe in a tin foot-tub

before an open fire, show them how that can be best done; and if the washing must be done in tubs on the back porch or in the yard, train them to do it with neatness and dispatch; how to cook plain food, and provide a variety with what they have and can get economically—in a word, how to live in the best possible manner in their present circumstances, and how to improve their condition when possible. These practical industrial features, together with the daily academic, ethical and spiritual teaching, constitute the activities of the House of Childhood, the children receiving that training of body, mind and soul that we are able to give them the year round, the purpose being to keep them as long as the parents or guardian will allow them to remain."

With this ideal in mind "The House of Childhood" begins its day. After their prayers have been said and eager fingers have buttoned on the simple clothing, Martha, eleven years old, sees that everything in the kitchen is in order for getting breakfast, and then goes out to milk the cow, attended by one of the boys. The boys make the fires; Nita takes a broom, which is much taller than she, and sweeps the upper and lower hall and staircase; Lalia does some dusting and Gladys sweeps the sitting room. One of the boys, assisted by a teacher, always washes the breakfast dishes. Neither of them is tall enough to reach the dishpan on the table, so he generally mounts a box or an overturned nail keg, from which he can wield the dish-mop to advantage. In the beginning these dish-washings were attended by many mishaps. Frequently a pot would be caught by the handle and turned the wrong way, and a drenched little boy would scramble down from his perch to get things in order. The discomfort of being drenched, and the trouble it cost to put things in order, soon taught care in handling.

Every two weeks duties were ex-



Coffee-grinding and washing



OUR LITTLE WASHERMEN

changed, as there is a regular rotation of all duties, except that of making beds. Monday morning is a busy time, for Monday is wash day, and we do our own washing, as well as cooking and house-cleaning. Can five-year-old Lalia wash? Just splendidly! Martha presides at one of the large tubs, while each little girl takes a small tub and rinses out the clothes and hangs them on the lines. The first day little Lalia had no tub. This was not noticed until she commenced to stand first on one foot, then on the other, and said in a most aggrieved voice, "I can't help"; but she soon found there was plenty to do, and was happy. Joe and George proved themselves good washermen and gave their corduroy trousers grand scrubblings. Each and all wanted their work inspected. Ironing day is also a busy time. The oldest girls iron the sheets while the smaller ones iron the towels and pillow-cases. They work on a bench which is dressed up as an ironing-board. It is the bench on which we sit at table, and which is often used for a school table. Then comes the day when scrubbing must be done, and each child, here as elsewhere, has a part in the work, and hurries around with tubs, brushes and cloths, rubbing and polishing things.

In the summer the most prized reward was the permission to wade or fish in the shallow river. Sometimes when we went there would be one or more of the crowd missing, which proves we haven't "a set of angels" as a visitor called them, but a crowd of very human little beings, who tried, though their mistakes were many.

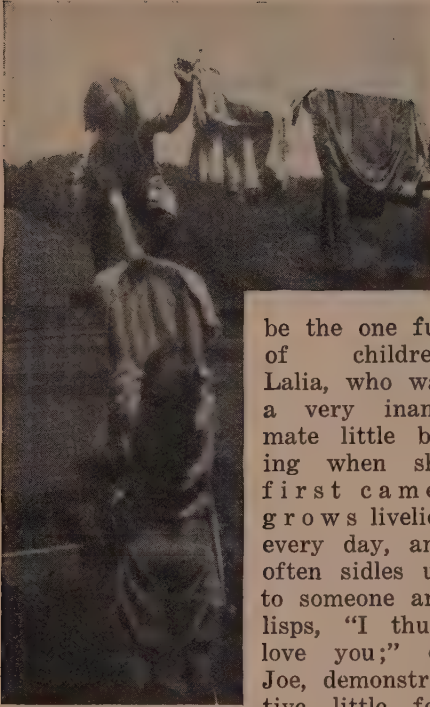
One of the happiest times of the day is in the afternoon, when our parson is seen coming up for supper. Out rush the "young 'uns," shouting and screaming,

and it is a wonder he isn't knocked off his feet with the onslaught. It sounds as if each kiddie is saying, "I seed him first!"

The children are happy and keep up such a humming and buzzing that the house seems like a big bee-hive. In whatever room you are, that seems to



LALIA REACHING THE CLOTHESLINE



be the one full of children. Lalia, who was a very inanimate little being when she first came, grows livelier every day, and often sidles up to someone and lisps, "I thust love you;" or Joe, demonstrative little fel-

low, having been told not to interrupt, will stoop and kiss your hand, for he must have attention, by fair means or foul. Many funny things happen. One day a teacher came in and said she had turned just in time to save a pan of cookies from being caught up in George's arms and given an affectionate hug and kiss. These cookies were in the raw state; judge therefore what would have been the consequences.

The children have an early supper, at which time they take turns daily in saying grace and presiding at the table. This honor is forfeited by being naughty.

We love best the Sundays when we can have the early service. This is whenever our "preacher" is at our station. Then all the household, and any from outside who may desire it, gather in a little room for the great blessing. The children know the responses of the service and add their

voices to those of the older ones. It is very beautiful and sweet to see them kneeling with clasped hands and bowed heads. In the training of these children much spiritual help has been realized. They asked to be allowed to learn the Nicene Creed. Each morning we say the Te Deum, and on Sunday just before prayers all say: "This is the Lord's day, let us rejoice and be glad in it," and we repeat it several times during the day.

Sunday school is held in a building about an eighth of a mile from "The House of Childhood." We have to use the upstairs room, as there is no floor in the lower part of the building; this gives the wind full sweep, up through the cracks of the upper floor. In this upper room we have a very few homemade desks, lent us by a district school. The only ornament is a rude wooden cross hung on the wall; there is as yet no altar. In this room we met at daylight on Easter day and sang the Easter hymns. We had no organ, but fortunately every child has a good voice. Their favorite of all the songs, hymns and chants is the Venite, and if we stop before singing the Gloria there is a protest; but we never sing it unless the crowd is very reverent, and they are learning this fact. At the House there is a little baby organ, and many nights a request is made that a little music may be had "to go to sleep by."

Before prayers in the evening we have a five-minute talk which we call Catechism, because it was the time we devoted to learning the Catechism, but we also have heart - to - heart



"I seed him first!"



"THE MOST PRIZED REWARD IS FISHING IN THE SHALLOW RIVER"

talks, the benefits of which are shown by a remark from mischievous George. Left alone in the kitchen to wash the breakfast dishes, until the teacher could come to help him, he was busy with his own thoughts; after some minutes he called into the next room to the teacher saying: "Oh, Miss —, I know how I must grow." Being asked how, he replied: "As I grow in age I must grow in grace." We were

busy preparing for the churning, but that did not prevent a continuation of the subject, the opening remarks of which had made glad our heart.

All the children of the House have been baptized, for which we yield most hearty thanks to our merciful Father, Who has been pleased to regenerate them with His Holy Spirit. Now they are more than ever our little brothers and sisters, and our chil-



Building used for school and church

dren in the Faith, for through us they have become members of the Mystical Body of Christ.

It has been a busy, happy year, a year in which there were many, many nights when we crept to bed too weary for sleep to come at once; for the teaching, cooking, washing, ironing, scrubbing, mothering of the children, Sunday school

teaching and letter-writing, with the many unexpected calls from the outside, made a day so full that no day was long enough.

To all who have taken an interest in our undertaking we feel most deeply grateful. We have been helped over many hard places. We have lived by faith from day to day, a helping hand often being but just in time, not to prevent, but to allay anxiety. Several of our good neighbors have been most kind. One person has given the children several jugs of molasses, besides various other contributions. One splendid girl came whenever she could and helped us with the washing. Truly, we have been blessed in having such friends, and gratitude fills our hearts. We can join with the children, who every night pray that God will bless all our friends and everybody who has helped us.



MONTESSORI METHODS IN THE SOUTHERN MOUNTAINS

For the past year the expenses of "The House of Childhood" for ten persons have been as follows:

<i>Supplies, food and light</i>	<i>\$495.63</i>
<i>*Hired help</i>	<i>45.18</i>
<i>House rent</i>	<i>46.00</i>
<i>Fuel, heating and cooking</i>	<i>118.17</i>
<i>Printing and postage</i>	<i>78.96</i>
<i>Miscellaneous expenses</i>	<i>123.28</i>
	<hr/>
	<i>\$907.32</i>

**For six months we had a large girl in the school who helped with the work.*

GEORGE WASHINGTON AND KING KAMEHAMEHA



Statue of Kamehameha

From the early settlers of Hawaii had been told that processions in honor of George Washington, on that hero's birthday, would pass under the statue of Kamehameha I., they would have found it hard to believe. Yet a chance visitor from the United States saw Japanese, Chinese, Koreans, Portuguese, Hawaiians and Americans joining in such a celebration, the men without exception dressed in American clothing, the women and children in that of their own nationality. It is not often that one can spend a day in the crowded streets of a city, during a public celebration, and neither hear nor see a disagreeable or an unpleasant incident, for even the babies did not cry on Washington's Birthday, 1913.

Every reader of THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS has seen the map called "The Cross Roads of the Pacific," with the black lines, indicating the steamship routes, radiating in every direction. When this chance visitor had been shown the mission work our Church is doing in Honolulu, the map took on a new meaning. It seemed to indicate the splendid influences going out from Honolulu, like long rays of light, to dispel ignorance and sweeten life in the Oriental countries which so many of the inhabitants of these islands call home.

George Washington, the Churchman, is now linked with Kamehameha—also a Churchman—and the results are such that not a few Americans have first been con-

vinced of the value of foreign missions by what they saw in Honolulu.

The pictures that follow give hints of the possibilities which Honolulu presents for service such as the Church can render. It is a meeting place of the nations and among the children of these varied nationalities lies our great opportunity.



A proud Japanese mother



A carpenter's son in the door of his father's shop



OUR CATHEDRAL IN HONOLULU



Float representing American Indians



Float representing old Hawaii



Motorcycles representing fish and turtle



A Japanese group



A real Hawaiian prince (left)

SNAPSHOTS OF THE WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION



ST. MARY'S GIRLS MARCHING IN AFTER RECESS



THE YOUNGEST PRIORY GIRLS GOING TO CHURCH



IOLANI BOYS AT PLAY
Stimulated by the Washington's Birthday carnival they are now having one of their own



CHINESE SCHOOLGIRLS AT ST. ELIZABETH'S
"They look sober, but never was there a jollier crowd when recess comes"

GLIMPSES OF OUR SCHOOLS IN HONOLULU

OUR LETTER BOX

Intimate and Informal Message from the Field

Miss Bristowe, in England on furlough from Aomori, Japan, writes on December 29, 1913:

THE London papers of today tell of the dreadful famine in Aomori—the worst since 1869. Rice harvest and fisheries have both failed. After the fire three years ago people sold the planks of their houses for food. Now in the winter with thirty or forty degrees of frost famine is terrible to think of. Parents are selling their girls in numbers for evil purposes to save them from starvation.

At present I am the only representative of our branch of the Church living in Aomori. Our church has got its shell made, after the fire, but there is no money yet to beautify or even to furnish it, and one has to think whether one should spend one's money thus, when thousands are starving. One dare not waste anything when there is so much suffering to be helped. It is all very difficult, and we need help badly.

* * *

The Rev. R. E. Wood, writing of his recent return to his work in the District of Hankow, China, says:

ALL Ichang was out to welcome us and the school boys made a fine appearance, for ex-beggars, in their clean uniforms with school flags flying and the drum and fife corps making music (?), which was well-nigh drowned, however, in the din of fire-crackers. I felt as if I ought to apologize to the town for the uproar I was causing by breaking into the quiet of a hot afternoon, but the boys had been up since 3 A. M. watching for the boat, and they felt that now at last was their chance.

ON January 6th a telegram was received at the Church Missions House telling of the complete loss by fire on January 3rd of our mission buildings at Tanana, Alaska. Fortunately no lives were lost. The buildings consisted of a dwelling house and a hospital which for some time had been in charge of Miss Florence G. Langdon, who has given devoted service alone at this point for the last three years. Miss Langdon is now in the United States on furlough. The work which she has so bravely carried on is the only one of its kind for a good distance along the Yukon River, and the loss to the native people will be felt very keenly. We hope that means will be found to rebuild the hospital and mission dwelling promptly. The Church of Our Saviour at Tanana is one of the most attractive in Alaska.

* * *

THERE comes to hand an invitation to and program for the dedication of the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, Sagada, Philippine Islands, which took place on December 7, 8 and 9. There was a three days' *fiesta*, which included not only the solemn service of dedication but a program of sports and entertainment for these simple folk of the mountains.

* * *

ON the 8th of January a cable was received at the Church Missions House announcing the death of the Rev. Nion Tuk Ng of Tsingpoo, China. Mr. Ng was one of our younger clergy, having been graduated from St. John's College a few years ago. He was the second generation of his family in the priesthood of the Church, his father being stationed at Soochow.

CHRISTIAN LIVES IN CHINA

V. CH'UEN-HSI AND THE COFFIN

This story is abridged from the first two chapters of the Junior book, *Chin Hsing* (Forward March in China), which were written by Deaconess Hart of the district of Hankow.

THESE was no doubt about it, the T'ien family was unlucky. No one knew just why, but every one knew it was true. If you don't believe it just listen to what some of the neighbors said:

"So the T'ien grandfather has passed away, too, and no coffin in the house," said Mrs. Chiang to some of her bosom friends as they were met together to celebrate the betrothal of her three-year-old daughter. "What provident people!"

"How did it happen?" inquired Mrs. Tsang, who had but recently moved into the neighborhood and who did not know all of the news.

"If you ask me, I think the whole trouble is that they neglected the kitchen god," replied Mrs. Wang.

A thrill of horror ran through the crowd. "Neglect the kitchen god! How rash! How dare they do it? Why, I thought they were very devout," said Mrs. Chiang. "Don't you remember the year they sold all their pigs so Mr. T'ien could make the pilgrimage to the Sacred Mountain? And every new moon Mrs. T'ien burns incense at the temple."

That's it exactly. They worshipped the gods in the temple and neglected the ones in their own house. Now it stands to reason that no one family can worship all of the gods, but I always say that "water at a distance will not quench a fire near at hand," so if we neglect anybody it's never the kitchen god."

"Well, whatever the cause, they certainly have had bad luck. First one death and then another; crops failed, the house burned, Mr. T'ien

himself is ill, and now the old grandfather is gone and no coffin in the house. What do they plan to do about it?"

"Only one thing they can do; that is, sell Yin-ti for a slave and buy a coffin."

"That is a great pity. She is a bright girl and would make somebody a good daughter-in-law."

"But what woman would be willing to take a daughter-in-law from a family that has had so much bad luck?"

While this talking was going on Yin-ti herself and her ten-year-old brother, Ch'uen-hsi, had entered the room and had heard the last remarks.

The name Yin-ti means "to lead a little brother," and is a name often given to the first girl born into a Chinese family, in the hope that she may be the means of drawing the spirit of a little boy into the household. It was literally true in her case that she did "lead a little brother," for she and Ch'uen-hsi were inseparable. His name means "Spring Joy," and was given him because he was born in the springtime.

It was small wonder that Yin-ti was troubled as she heard this conversation, for it was bad enough to think no one would want her as a daughter-in-law, without the added fear of being sold as a slave. She knew too well the fate of a Chinese slave girl. "Spring Joy," too, looked anything but joyful as he heard these words, but he brightened up a little as one of the women went on to say:

"If it were not so far away I believe the foreigners at the hospital in Wuchang might be willing to lend

them a coffin until they could afford to buy one. They always have some on hand, and I have heard of their doing such things before."

"I would be afraid to go to a foreign hospital," spoke up another. They do not let you eat what you want, and as for baths they are taking them all the time. The chances are ten to one that if Ch'uen-hsi asked to borrow a coffin the doctor would not lend it unless he first promised to take a bath."

"Oh, I would risk it," spoke up Ch'uen-hsi. "The winter is coming on now, and surely even foreigners would not ask me to take a bath in such cold weather. Besides, even if they do, I would rather take a bath in cold water than have my sister sold to be a slave. And if they will only lend me a coffin until I can grow up I will work and pay for it."

"Those are good words and your courage seems to be great; but how will you get to Wuchang? It is many miles away and you are only a little boy."

"But I am not afraid," he replied boldly. "As soon as I reach the Han river I will be all right, for the Tsang family's oldest son goes to Hankow once a week now with a raft of bamboo poles, and I am sure he will let me go on his boat."

It was a daring idea, for truly the way was long, the foreign people might or might not be friendly, and fortune seemed just now to be against whatever any member of the T'ien family tried to do. Even if Ch'uen-hsi dared to risk such a journey, would his parents let him go? This was the question which filled the minds of the children as they hurried home to tell of the plan and find out if it were really true that Yin-ti was about to be sold as a slave.

True enough, alas! for the flood of the previous spring had destroyed not only their own rice, but that of their neighbors also, and there were none of

their friends who were able to help them in their need. The father was laid low by a slow fever, which made it seem quite possible that the missing coffin might be needed for two funerals instead of one, and the only way to avoid utter disgrace appeared to be to sacrifice Yin-ti for the sake of the family. Bravely Ch'uen-hsi explained his plan. What would they think of it? For a moment there was silence, while Yin-ti held her breath, and Mother T'ien looked up with a new hope in her eyes. Then Grandfather Wang spoke slowly but very positively:

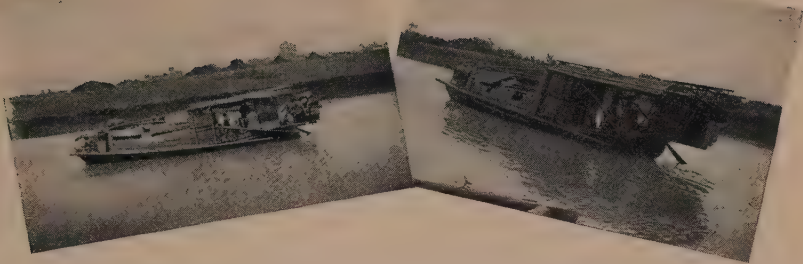
"It might be possible if you were not the only son of your father, the only hope of this house. It is a risky thing which you propose to do, and if anything were to happen to you, who would carry on the family line and attend to the worship of your ancestors?"

Down, down went the heart of poor Yin-ti, but it rose again as her mother exclaimed: "There is a risk, surely a great risk, but is it not better to take this one chance rather than to let our Yin-ti go to a life of certain suffering and shame?"

They put off the arrangements for the sale of Yin-ti as long as they dared, hoping that some other way of getting a coffin could be found, but nothing came of it, and at last in desperation Mother T'ien decided to consult her sick husband and act on the chance of his word.

Poor Father T'ien had lain for days in a sort of half consciousness, and it was quite doubtful if he could be made to understand the question concerning which his answer would mean so much. Very carefully the mother explained the case to him, ending with the question: "Shall Ch'uen-hsi go out on this dangerous journey, or shall Yin-ti be sold as a slave?"

For a time he lay gazing into space, apparently not understanding the question that had been asked.



ON A BOAT SUCH AS THESE CH'UEN-HSI WENT DOWN THE HAN RIVER

Then all at once the meaning of her words seemed to dawn upon him, and raising himself on his couch he cried out excitedly: "Sold as a slave! My little Yin-ti a slave! Anything but that. Let Ch'uen-hsi go on ten thousand pilgrimages first; the gods will protect him."

Again he sank into a stupor, and Mother T'ien hurried back to the grandparents to tell what he had said. Then began another discussion.

"Father T'ien has spoken wisdom," they said. "Truly let the boy go on a pilgrimage, no matter how far."

At last it was decided that after two days of ancestor worship and the offering of many gifts in the temple the boy should go; but where was the money to come from for these things and for the embalming of Grandfather T'ien's body? Ch'uen-hsi went out on to the doorstep and thought it all over and a great idea popped into his head.

Not far down the street was the little workshop of a potter named Wing. He was not only a potter but a hump-back, scorned by half the people because he could not work like other men, and feared by the other half because they believed an evil spirit dwelt in his hump. He was also a juggler and a maker of fireworks. Most of the children were afraid of him, but he had often bribed Ch'uen-hsi to carry clay and water for the making of his pots, and a sort of friendship had grown up between them.

It was to Wing that Ch'uen-hsi went now, and it didn't take long to tell the story of Yin-ti's possible fate, and to make the proposal he had come to make; namely, that he, Ch'uen-hsi, would do errands for Wing for half a year after he came back from his journey if Wing would lend him the money to go away with. To the old hump-back this seemed like a pretty good bargain, provided Ch'uen-hsi came safely home, for it had been hard to find any one willing to work for so unpopular a neighbor as he was, and the way to the clay-pits and the canal seemed to be growing longer every day as he grew stiffer in his joints. In the end the bargain was concluded, and Ch'uen-hsi went away with the money in one pocket and in the other some mysterious looking little balls with string sticking out of them. These Wing had given him with the promise that if he should find himself in danger on his journey and should drop one of them on a stone it would protect him.

There followed for our valiant Ch'uen-hsi two days of most careful preparation—not at all the sort of preparation an American boy would make for a journey, but just as important in the eyes of his family. First he must get up each morning in time to be at the great Temple, a mile away, when the sun rose. Here he must burn incense and pay the Buddhist priest to offer prayers to the

gods. Then he must hurry back in order to bow many times before the ancestral tablets in his home, and to place before them the offerings of food and wine which his mother had prepared in the belief that, properly presented by Ch'uen-hsi, they would turn into spiritual food and wine to satisfy the spirits dwelling there. Later in the day he must go out of the town to the graves of these same ancestors to worship there. Very carefully he must sweep and clean the graves, spreading flowers upon them. Then he must make little piles of paper money and paper clothes and set fire to them on the graves, so that his ancestors might have these things to spend and to wear in the spirit world. One other thing he must do—he must provide appropriate gifts to take with him and present to those doubtful foreign people at the hospital, for who in China would dare make a request without bringing an offering?

All these things being attended to, he was ready to start, and early in the morning on the third day, with the few remaining bits of money in one pocket and Wing's odd little balls in the other, with the thought of the family honor and of the spirits of his ancestors to give him courage, and with two chickens as gifts for the foreigners under his arms, he set out upon the thirty li (ten miles) of road that stretched between him and the Han river.

Several times he grew hungry on his journey and stopped to get a bowl of steaming rice at one of the wayside inns. Later in the afternoon, when he reached the river, he was glad to find the boat and that it was already loaded with bamboo poles and would soon start for Wuchang. When night came his puffy, padded clothes served him quite as well for bedding as for clothes, and when he waked next morning they were well on their way.

The sights of the river were all new and strange to him, but once landed

the world seemed very full of new perils to a small boy who didn't know his way. Up to the city gates, and through them he went in the middle of such a stream of people as Ch'uen-hsi had never seen before. At first he thought it must be a procession, but every one seemed to be going a different way, once they got inside the gates, and he concluded that this must be the ordinary thing after all, only that cities were very confusing places.

"Please, old man, born before me, what is the way to the Benevolent Hospital?" This was his polite way of asking for direction.

Once he slipped into a doorway to escape a sedan chair which almost ran him down. Two men were in the dark hall talking and he heard one say: "Surely the god of luck is with you, Ch'i-Wei, for here is a boy who would do very well; take him."

Immediately a hand which felt by no means friendly fell upon his shoulder, and a gruff voice answered: "Luck, indeed, and he brings me two fat cocks also."

Ch'uen-hsi realized that these men meant him no good. Ducking out of the stranger's grasp, he reached into his pocket for one of old Wing's balls. Unfortunately he dropped one of his chickens in the scuffle. Throwing the ball on the ground, as he had been told to do, and the doorway was instantly filled with a horrible noise and fumes of smoke, under cover of which Ch'uen-hsi slipped away, grasping the remaining chicken, of which he promised himself to be specially careful, as he must not arrive at the hospital with no offering to present for the foreigners.

Just as he was thinking this and trying to decide what he should say when he got there an unexpected thing happened: Around a corner suddenly ran an enormous black dog, followed by a little girl. Ch'uen-hsi jumped quickly to one side and let the dog go by, but in so doing he got right in the



way of the girl. There was a grand collision. Over they both went, and Ch'uen-hsi's head landed much harder than was comfortable against the curb. He sat up and saw a number of things in the wrong place. First, a lot of stars dancing in front of his eyes instead of in the sky. Next,

his last chicken in the mouth of the dog, and quite limp. And finally the little girl, whose acquaintance he had met in such an unwelcome way, sitting weeping in the road.

Because of his great fondness for Yin-ti, Ch'uen-hsi was kinder to girls than Chinese boys are apt to be, and he immediately tried to comfort this one.

"Why do you cry? Are you hurt?"

"No, not hurt, but my future mother-in-law set me to shell the beans and told me on no account to go out. Then came by Ch'ih-tsz', in whom lives the soul of my little brother, and I followed him, and when I go back I shall be beaten."

"That is too bad, but surely Ch'ih-tsz' could not have your brother, for he has run away again, and has taken my chicken with him."

"Yes, that is just how we know that he carries the soul of my brother, for he was a bad boy and always getting people into trouble. Now he has taken your chicken, and doubtless you will be beaten, too, because you have lost it."

Then Ch'uen-hsi's face grew very grave, and he told her what he had meant to do with the chicken and why he had come to Wuchang.

"Why," she said, "if that is what you brought it for you might have saved yourself the trouble. Those

people at the Benevolent Hospital are kind, and do not want your gifts. I have been there, and I know."

Here was certainly a bit of good fortune just when Ch'uen-hsi had thought himself most unlucky, and when, after a short walk, his little guide left him before a door over which was inscribed in Chinese "*The Succoring Women's Hospital*," and he knew that his journey was at an end. He knocked bravely, even though he knew he must soon encounter those queer, blue-eyed men, and queerer women, without any offering to present.

A white-capped nurse opened the door, and to her he promptly poured out the words he had decided to say:

"I have come, oh honorable sitter in a chariot, to beseech a loan of one of your honorable coffins. My grandfather has died. My father is ill. We have no money to buy a coffin, and the neighbors all say that if you do not have pity upon us my sister must be sold as a slave. If you will only grant my request I will do anything you wish, and as soon as my father can earn enough money he will buy another coffin and return this to you, or will pay you for this one."

It was a strange request, even in this land of strange things. It must not be too lightly granted, but when, after question upon question, and answer upon answer, the nurse understood all that was involved, she felt that she could not have refused, even if it had been the last coffin in the house.

It was some days before arrangements could be made for Ch'uen-hsi's return journey with the covet-



Grandfather Wang

ed coffin, but, having stuck up a friendship with Wu-Sz-fu, one of the hospital servants, he made good use of his time. Wu-Sz-fu had been in the employ of the hospital for some time, and was sure he knew all there was to be known about foreigners in general and missions in particular. The information he gave Ch'uen-hsi was always interesting, if not strictly accurate, and he took him to many places which made the eyes of the country boy bulge with wonder. Best of all, he made Ch'uen-hsi feel very eager to come back to Wuchang some day to study in the wonderful boys' school, where these foreign people were busy teaching new and useful things.

The journey home was quite uneventful, and seemed very short as compared with the one down the Han River. The successful traveler was fairly bursting with pride and information as the neighbors came flocking to hear about his adventures. The coffin spoke for itself. It was proof positive that the foreigners must have some good traits, and recognize the necessity of doing good deeds now and then.

Ch'uen-hsi told them first about the hospital, with its smell of medicine water, where the "spread-the-doctrine women" live, taking care of the poor Chinese women and little crippled children. He told of the schools for boys and girls, exclaiming: "If Yin-ti and I could only go to one of those schools I should be perfectly happy! They have not only houses where the boys live, but rooms for study and a great space for play. In the middle of everything is their worship hall, and the day I was there they were remembering their ancestors."

"Remembering their ancestors," said Mrs. Chiang in astonishment, "why, I thought foreigners had no ancestors. I thought that when one of us ate the foreign religion we had to sell our ancestors."

"That must be a mistake," answered

Ch'uen-hsi, "because some of the largest buildings there had been built in memory of somebody's ancestors. This worship hall was decorated with banners and the most beautiful flowers I ever saw, and it was crowded full of people. They read things out of a book about men and women of most ancient days, and Wu Sz-fu told me they are taught to remember all the holy men and women who have lived and died, no matter whose ancestors they are. After their worship was over they had a parade to the cemetery, with bugles and a brass band. They didn't burn any paper money for the spirits as we do, nor put food on their graves; but they worshipped their God and sang songs which were good to hear."

"Well, well! Perhaps this foreign religion is not as bad as I thought, if they do not really throw away their ancestors. But you said they had a school for girls as well as for boys. They don't think they can teach girls anything in a school, do they? Surely they are not so foolish as that?"

"Oh, yes; Wu Sz-fu says they have found out that the girls can learn as well as the boys. He has a sister in the school and she can read books and play the organ. That school is named for a famous woman who lived hundreds of years ago, St. Hilda, who was full of learning. All the women who come out from America to teach there must be very clever indeed."

"Why, that is as it used to be in China in ancient times," spoke up Wang Grandfather, a scholar of some repute in the village. "There was Ts'ao Ta-ku, who lived in the days of the Han dynasty, and who was so famous that even the Emperor commended her learning. She it was who wrote the valuable Nu Kiai—Rules for Women—and there were others in those early times nearly as wise. Is it possible that we have come to another dynasty of enlightened women? Still I do not understand why

these foreign people do all this work in China. Why do they want us to eat their religion?"

"I couldn't quite understand that, and Wu Sz-fu couldn't either, but he is sure they do it with a good intention, and it seems to be their custom to try to spread their doctrine everywhere. It is strange, but he says they insist that theirs is not a foreign religion at all, but one that belongs to the whole world; quite as much to

China as to America. Anyway, I want to learn all about it, and then perhaps I shall be able to explain it better."

"Not a foreign religion, but one that belongs to the whole world," repeated Wang Grandfather, thoughtfully stroking his beard. "After all, that sounds very reasonable, for is there not our own proverb which says,

"'ALL UNDER HEAVEN ARE ONE FAMILY.'"

"CHUEN-HSI, IN CLASS WORK

PREPARING TO TEACH

THE story of Chuen-Hsi needs to be read in full to the class. Taking selections from it would be a mistake. It would be best to prepare the class for the reading aloud of the story with some such statement as this: The story this month is about a ten-year-old Chinese boy who had an exciting adventure. His name is Chuen-Hsi. There are nine principal characters in the story:

Chuen-Hsi, the hero,
Yui-ti, his sister,
Father Tien,
Mother Tien,
Grandfather Tien,
Grandmother Tien,
Grandfather Wang
Wing, hump-back,
Wu Sz-fu, servant
Neighbors
"Foreigners"

Write these on a blackboard, or in case no blackboard is available, use a large heavy sheet of manila paper fastened with push-pins, and write the names with a carbon crayon. In some classes it would be preferable to select one of the members to do the writing while the leader dictates.

Also put on the board or sheet the four main divisions of the story. All this will help to keep the attention of the class on the story while you read without interruption.

Prepare your lesson to bring out in what ways Chuen-Hsi showed himself a hero. Are any different qualities necessary for an American hero?

THE FIRST FIVE MINUTES

For the review this week let the class elect one of their number "leader." Ask all the others to think of some fact about one of the "lives" studied so far, and to

give it when called on by the "leader." The "leader" must tell which character said it.

After reading the story of Chuen-Hsi aloud to the class, answers to the following questions might be given orally or in writing:

I. The Unlucky Tien Family.

1. What were the indications that the Tien family was unlucky?

2. Who was to blame?

3. What seemed to be their last resort?

4. What other possibility was suggested?

5. What was Chuen-Hsi willing to risk to save his sister?

II. Chuen-Hsi's Plan to Borrow a Coffin.

1. How did each member of the Tien family feel about Chuen-Hsi's plan?

2. What was the decision?

3. What was necessary?

III. Preparations for the Journey.

1. Describe Chuen's friend in need?

2. In what ways did he help him?

3. Name at least four things that Chuen-Hsi had to do in preparing for this journey that you would not have had to do in preparing to travel?

4. What do you think Chuen-Hsi had to help him in starting on this adventure?

IV. Adventures and Attainment.

1. How did he lose his offering for the "foreigners"?

2. In what ways did the little girl help him?

3. What did he say to the nurse at the hospital?

4. How was his request received?

5. What did he learn from Wu Sz-fu?

6. What seemed to impress his family most on his return?

7. What do the people of China need if they are to understand their proverb: "All under heaven are one family"?

WITH THE EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT

THE Educational Department begs to urge those who are ordering books to do so as soon as possible before the eleventh hour. The six weeks before Lent is our "rush season", and although the clerks work faithfully all day and often all night to send out the orders as soon as they come in, it is not always possible to ship the books the very day the order is received. When our people fail to send in their orders until the last minute, they and we are sometimes disappointed to find that they do not receive the material in time for the first meeting of the study class. A little forethought would often save worry and telegrams.

THE "Museum" has just received a welcome addition to its Japanese exhibit. When the Japan course was in preparation in the summer of 1912, Bishop and Mrs. McKim selected with much care a number of curios which might prove useful as an exhibit during the Japan year, packed them and shipped them to the Church Missions House. In the winter of 1914, with the Japan year over, and the China year well under way, the express company sees fit to deliver these two cases filled with the treasures for which we have been looking in vain for eighteen months. But with the increasing popularity of the exhibit as a method of missionary education, we are not afraid that the new curios will be idle. Indeed they are already promised to some parishes. If you want them, or any of the other exhibits, write to the Librarian.

THE FLOWERING OF THE FLOWERY KINGDOM is ready—15c. a copy, \$1.50 a dozen, \$5.00 for fifty. Those who have used the Lenten Lessons of former years, will not be disappointed in the new series. Those who plan for the first time to introduce into their Sunday Schools special Lenten instruction in missions, could hardly find a better introduction than the 1914 lessons provide. Its admirably written lessons, at sight, inspire the teacher with confidence in his ability to make this remote China, its people and its missionaries, very real and near-at-hand to his pupils.

HINTS TO JUNIOR LEADERS USING CHIN HSING is now in press and should be out by the time these words are in print. It is written by Miss Lucy C. Sturgis, who, together with Deaconess Hart, wrote the textbook itself. Miss Sturgis's wide experience with mission study for Juniors finds expression again in these excellent "hints."

TO the Sunday School teacher, the Junior leader and the mother who wants activities, or just a plain amusement for the children, we recommend King Keuk. King Keuk, together with her brother, her neighbors Ho Wha and Kiu Hok, her mother and father and the baby, her little shoe, the boat in which her father sailed the Yangste, the An-king pagoda, and St. Agnes's School where King Keuk, Ho Wha and Kiu Hok go, will all be sent to you for 5 cents. They come on a sheet of stiff white paper, and may be cut out and colored; when this is done, the story of King Keuk, which is printed on the same sheet, together with the directions for cutting out and coloring, may be acted out by the dolls. In ordering ask for the "Chinese Cut-Out Pictures."

A NEW edition of "Information," a useful compendium of missionary facts with answers to the Why, How, What and Where, of the Church's missions, is already necessary. This has given us a chance to bring it right up to date, almost ahead of date, for with the lightning changes in the missionary field, by January there are already corrections to be made in a book printed in September. This book is especially recommended for men.

LENT and the Children's Offering suggest at once *Talking to Children About Missions*. An address of correct proportions, educational value and sustained interest, is not easy for the busy rector or Sunday school superintendent to prepare. Sunday school leaflet No. 4 is full of suggestions for missionary talks. It aims to do two things: (1) Recommend material which can be secured for addresses. (2) Present the material for one address.

MEETING OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

THE Executive Committee met on January 13th at 10 a. m. In addition to dispatching routine matters much time was given to the consideration of a plan for saving rentals by the purchase of property in the mission field, which plan had been referred to the Executive Committee by the Board of Missions.

The Treasurer in making his report was able to announce a total increase of \$18,000 over the same date last year. At the same time, however, the appropriations have increased by the sum of about \$25,000.

Announcement was made of the burning of our mission building and hospital at Tanana, Alaska, on January 3rd. Loss of property is total but there is no loss of life. There is no insurance, as it is impossible to secure it at this point in the interior.

The Committee accepted the resignation of Mr. Charles W. Williams, of the Alaska mission, to date from March 1st. In recognition of his twenty-five years' of service the salary of the Rev. J. W. Chapman, of Anvik, Alaska, was advanced to \$1,800. Action was taken creating an educational allowance for children of missionaries in the interior of Alaska on the same terms as those prevailing for Missionaries in the foreign field.

The salary of the late Bishop Robinson, of Nevada, was continued to his widow for the remainder of the fiscal year.

It was decided to send to Japan Mr. Henry K. Murphy, from the firm of Murphy & Dana, architects, to look over the ground in connection with the preparation of plans for St. Paul's College, Tokyo.

ANNOUNCEMENTS CONCERNING THE MISSIONARIES

Alaska

After five years of service, the retirement of Mr. C. W. Williams was accepted, to date from March 1.

Kyoto

Miss M. E. Laning, on regular furlough, sailed from Kobe on S.S. *Yorck* for Naples, November 30.

Dr. and Mrs. I. H. Correll and son, returning after leave of absence, sailed on S.S. *George Washington*, January 3.

Liberia

Bishop S. D. Ferguson, who sailed from New York, November 5, arrived at Monrovia, December 2.

The Rev. F. A. K. Russell, returning from General Convention, sailed on S.S. *Lusitania*, January 14, via Liverpool.

Mexico

Miss Claudine Whitaker, who sailed from New York December 11, arrived at Mexico City, December 20.

The Rev. A. L. Burleson, who sailed from New York December 18, arrived at Mexico City, December 27.

The Philippines

Mrs. Lorillard Spencer and Miss Virginia C. Young, appointed by Bishop Brent to work among the Moros, sailed in December.

Porto Rico

The Rt. Rev. Charles B. Colmore and family sailed on S.S. *Brazos*, January 17.

At the meeting of the Executive Committee on January 13 the following appointments were made at the request of Bishop Colmore, to be provided for from the United Offering: Miss Leonora M.

Kelton, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Miss Etta L. Robbins, of Kansas City, Mo.

Shanghai

Miss Marion S. Mitchell, returning after furlough, sailed from Vancouver on *S.S. Empress of Japan*, January 15.

Tokyo

Dr. R. B. Teusler and family, and Miss

Zimmerman, who sailed from San Francisco November 19, arrived in Tokyo on December 5.

Miss B. R. Babcock, on furlough, sailed from Japan December 13 via Suez.

Rev. P. C. Daito, after leave of absence, sailed on *S.S. Shinyo Maru*, January 8.

Miss Eleanor Verbeck sailed on *S.S. St. Paul* January 16.

MISSIONARY SPEAKERS

FOR the convenience of those arranging missionary meetings, the following list of clergy and other missionary workers available as speakers is published.

When no address is given, requests for the services of the speakers should be addressed to Mr. John W. Wood, Secretary, 281 Fourth Avenue, New York.

The Church Missions House Staff

The President and Secretaries of the Board are always ready to consider and, so far as possible, to respond to requests to speak upon the Church's general work at home and abroad. Address each officer personally at 281 Fourth Avenue, New York.

Secretaries of Provinces

I. Rev. G. W. Davenport, 984 Beacon Street, Newton Center, Mass.

II. Rev. John R. Harding, D.D., 550 West 157th Street, New York.

III. Rev. G. C. F. Bratenahl, D.D., Room 810, Woodward Building, corner 15th and H streets, N. W., Washington, D. C.

IV. Rev. R. W. Patton, 412 Courtland Street, Atlanta, Ga.

V. Rev. John E. Curzon, 1535 Leland Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

VI. Rev. C. C. Rollit, 4400 Washburn Avenue, South, Minneapolis, Minn.

VII. ————

VIII. Rev. G. C. Hunting, 1942 El Dorado Avenue, Berkeley, Cal.

Alaska

Rev. Hudson Stuck, D.D.
Miss Florence G. Langdon.

Miss Agnes Huntoon (in Province V).

Mr. C. W. Williams (in Province V).

Brazil

Rt. Rev. L. L. Kinsolving, D.D.

Rev. W. C. Brown, D.D.

China

Rev. Arthur M. Sherman (presenting the New China Fund).

HANKOW

Dr. Mary V. Glenton.

SHANGHAI

Mrs. John A. Ely.

Rev. P. N. Tsu.

Japan

TOKYO

Deaconess V. D. Carlsen.

Miss Irene P. Mann.

Philippine Islands

Rev. E. A. Sibley (in Province V).

Work Among Mountain People

Rev. W. B. Allen of Asheville (available during February).

Rev. S. L. Tyson of Sewanee, Tenn.
Address Bay Shore, N. Y.

Work Among Indians

Mrs. Baird Sumner Cooper of Wyoming. Address, The Toronto, Dupont Circle, Washington, D. C.

Work Among Negroes in the South

Rev. S. H. Bishop, Secretary, the American Church Institute for Negroes, 416 Lafayette Street, New York.

The Rev. A. B. Hunter of St. Augustine's, Raleigh, N. C.

THE WOMAN'S AUXILIARY TO THE BOARD OF MISSIONS

ST. MARK'S, NENANA, IN OCTOBER, 1913

By Laura M. Parmelee

IT is long since I wrote last, but there has been no possible way of mailing anything if I had written. The river is frozen over in places and the Indians have crossed a few times, but most of the current is open water yet. There have been six inches of snow on the ground for over two weeks, and yesterday morning the thermometer registered 10 degrees below zero, but no one has put on furs. A sweater and toque are sufficient, and the boys go skating with only a toque and mittens. Isn't it funny that one does not mind the cold so much? Yet we freeze our faces easily.

Life goes on in the same routine. The days fly. We have started the carving for the church at last and are working on the shields for the pew ends. They will be very pretty and attractive. John Fred has almost finished one already.

The first ice began to run in the river on October 11, and we feared Miss Bolster would never be able to get back from Fairbanks till after the "freeze-up." I was worried about little Willie, who developed an awful rash and I did not know what it was. But Henry and Hank Thomas brought her down in the rowboat amid regular icebergs. It took them two days to make the sixty miles down stream, which can be done in seven hours in clear water. My, but I was glad to see her! I was down in Lucy Simond's cabin at the time doctoring her sore throat, when Sally said: "I see Miss Bolster." And when I looked sure enough it was she. So I left poor Lucy alone and rushed off to hail the traveller. Such a time as we had getting her warmed up, for she was

nearly frozen from the wind, in spite of furs and a down comfort.

Such is life here. You never know what is going to happen next, or even what you yourself are going to do. Here is Miss Grider proposing to walk to Fairbanks this week. If she goes it means Miss Bolster and I must run the whole mission, as Miss Grider and I did while Miss Bolster was away. And unexpected things turn up all the time, and you never know what the other person would have done had she been here. I don't mind so much having Miss Grider away as I do having Miss Bolster away, for the sick people scare me to death sometimes! But God is good, and I have not killed any one yet! You know, I always wanted to be a nurse. I would love it if I only knew more about the medicines. Nursing is one thing, but doctoring is another. How can an amateur tell what to do for internal complications? And when an old fellow comes and says: "My boy, he sick. Down four miles in camp. He lots leak blood. I like medicine quick." Now, what are you going to do? But even Miss Bolster, when I told her, couldn't tell what was the matter, and the boy must be better, for the father has not returned.

We have sorted the things for the Christmas stockings already, and such pretty things as we had. I took flour sacks and marked them with the children's names, and all the seventeen boys' are finished, except for the nuts and candy. Every boy gets a mouth organ of some sort, for they love them so, and many get whistles, too, or horns. Imagine the noisy house, with seventeen boys! But never mind.

Did I tell you of the box from Reading? It was very large and very full. The children say: "We must write a nice letter to Mrs. ———. She is very kind to us."

Miss Bolster says I work too hard—scolds me. So I have been stopping school at 3 o'clock instead of 4, and going out every afternoon for a walk in the woods. It is the first time since I came here that I have taken so much time for myself. She goes with me very often, and we just play for an hour before dark. Then in the evening I take John, Fred and Esaias and sometimes N. A. T. Johnny for a class in history or reading or Prayer Book. These three boys are preparing to be confirmed when the Bishop shall come next spring, and I am teaching them the simplest things about the services. At present we are studying the Creed, and, while everything must be simple, still you would be amazed to find how the Athanasian Creed seems to help them to understand the idea of God, so I have taken lots of my teaching from that. They are fascinating boys to teach, for they are so eager to learn and seem so filled with wonder and awe and the deepest humility, yet they are only children. I cannot make you know one-half what it means to be



Esaias George, who finds the Athanasian Creed a help in understanding about God

privileged to be the one to open their eyes to the knowledge of God and the Bible. This life here has certainly done wonders for me, if I have not done anything for them.

SOME TRIENNIAL MEMORIES

THE GAVEL

AT the first business session of the Woman's Auxiliary last October, a pleasant incident occurred when Mrs. Stevens, president of the Michigan branch, presented to the Auxiliary a gavel for its use, which gift has the following history:

This gavel was made by Colonel Benjamin T. Wright, of Detroit, a retired officer of the army of the Tennessee. It is presented in fulfillment of a promise made by Mrs. Stevens at the Triennial in 1910, that if possible, a gavel made of old black walnut taken from St. Paul's

Church, Detroit, built in 1828, should be presented at the next Triennial. Colonel Wright had given a gavel made of this wood to the Michigan Branch, and it was used in Cincinnati.

As no more of this wood could be obtained, the gavel now presented is made from old oak taken from St. John's Church, Detroit, built in 1860. On one side is carved one of the emblems of St. John—the eagle, holding the open book and pen. The dates 1860 and 1913 are on either side of the gavel, and a silver plate bears this inscription:

"Presented to the Woman's Auxiliary to the Board of Missions, for the Michigan Branch, by Anne E. Shipman Stevens, St. Michael's Church, New York, October 8, 1913."

The gavel was received with gratitude and pleasure, was used throughout the Triennial, and is used monthly at the conferences held at the Church Missions House.

A GREETING FROM ENGLAND

Those of the Woman's Auxiliary who remember the gracious presence of Mrs. Davidson, the wife of the Archbishop of Canterbury, at their Triennial in Boston in 1904, were glad to receive a greeting from her, sent through Miss Cropper, a member of the Central Committee of Women Workers, formed after the Pan-Anglican Congress held in London in 1908. Mrs. Davidson's letter is as follows:

Lambeth Palace, S. E.,
July 31st, 1913.

Dear Miss Cropper:—

I am delighted to think that you are going to represent the C. C. W. W. at the meeting of the Woman's Auxiliary in New York. I hope that you will bear to them a message of warmest greetings from myself and from the Council of the C. C. W. W. For myself I can never forget the meeting that I attended

at Boston when we had the great pleasure of paying a visit to the United States. It was a most inspiring sight, and I envy you being present at the New York gathering. I have many friends among the members of the Woman's Auxiliary, to whom I send my kindest remembrances. I know what a great work they are doing, and it is a very great interest to feel that we shall actually hear from you, when you return, details of the meeting and of the work.

From our Committee I send warmest greetings. It is always a great pleasure to us when we are brought into touch with any members of the Woman's Auxiliary, and we hope that in future we shall have many more visitors from the United States at our half-yearly meetings. We all value the opportunities of hearing of the way in which you are working, and it opens our minds and makes us take a larger view in many matters. One realizes more and more how much we are all working together in various parts of the world.

Yours sincerely,
(Signed) EDITH M. DAVIDSON.

In response to this letter the Woman's Auxiliary sent its cordial greetings and warmest thanks to Mrs. Davidson and the committee.

A RECOGNITION OF THE WOMAN'S AUXILIARY

By the Women's Committee

THE SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL

A LETTER received by the Secretary of the Woman's Auxiliary from Miss Gurney, our welcome guest from the Committee of Women's Work of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, on her return to headquarters in London, brings this word of appreciation to us:

It is with the greatest pleasure that I am writing on behalf of the Committee of Women's Work to say that, as a mark of their sympathy with the work of the Woman's Auxiliary, they have unanimously elected you to be one of their vice-presidents. You and Mrs. Hall of Canada are the first vice-presidents elected from beyond the seas, and

though it does not sound very much, it is the greatest honor the committee have in their power to show. You are practically a member of the committee and have a right to the *agendas* monthly, and to attend all committee meetings held here. I will not trouble you with the *agendas*, which I believe you call "programmes," but you will have the monthly review of work and any schemes and papers that I think may interest you.

Miss Gurney continues:

The wonderful times I had in New York still are very uppermost in my thoughts. I was immensely impressed by all I saw. I can never thank my New York friends enough for all that was done for us.

A vice-president of the Committee of Women's Work is one "whose advice and co-operation the Committee deem it desirable to obtain," and surely if there is anything by way of sug-

gestion which our Woman's Auxiliary to the Board of Missions may give to the venerable Society to which the Church in America owes so much, we shall be most happy to give it.

MISSION STUDY AT THE TRIENNIAL

WHEN preparations were in hand for the Triennial in Cincinnati in 1910 and the suggestion was made that mission study classes should be part of the program, one of the educational secretaries said it would be too much to expect that women would give time for the study necessary in those more than full days, and it was with a good deal of uncertainty that the classes were formed. Their success is an old story—the six classes were more than full and good hard work was done. With that as a remembrance the program for the last Triennial naturally included study classes, but this time there were nineteen; five for the Junior leaders, taking the study suitable for the different ages, and fourteen for adults, nine on China and five on the Bible. The records are not yet complete, but there were over three hundred regular members in these classes, and many visitors beside, and there is no doubt that, in spite of meetings and social affairs, the members found or *made* time for preparation. That the classes were a very valuable part of the training afforded through the days of the Triennial, anyone who watched them at earnest, prayerful work could not doubt.

But the question naturally arises: What gain from this work may we expect in the future? Perhaps the best answer to this is to give a few of the comments made by the leaders on some of the members. The registration cards came back to the Missions

House, with some interesting remarks upon them. Here are some of them: "Bright, ambitious, efficient, very able"; "Perfectly splendid in every way"; "With the very greatest possibilities"; "Will do great things, I think"; "Excellent material, clear-headed, efficient, lots of good sense"; "Quick to see her shortcomings, and impressed me as determined to do something worth while"; "Will go far in the best sort of work"; "Very much the right sort." Of course, not all the comments were on this order. Such statements as these are written of a few: "Got enough in one day, and never came back"; "Needs heaps of training"; "With possibilities." Yet these last are hopeful, and that is the feeling impressed upon you as you read the reports of the leaders—women who gave their time and strength and thought and prayers to the work, and ended with thanks for the privilege of having had this hard work given them; or, as one of the leaders expressed it, "I have never taught a class whose members seemed so ready and desirous to get at the heart of it all as they did, to get and give the very best. In spite of the size of the class there was wonderful team work and sense of oneness and unity. It was a most inspiring class. Every member felt it, I believe, and for me it was, and is, the best class I have ever had, and yet I have had some mighty good ones." What may not result from such a class, or from the one which closed with the question, "How can I help to bring Jesus Christ to China?" The suggestions

made in answer to this question must be given:

Leading study classes; reading and studying more about China and our missions there; praying more earnestly and regularly—"releasing the Holy Spirit"—perhaps taking some special mission and missionary in China for our special prayer; giving more money to Chinese missions; asking ourselves honestly the question, "Can I go to China as a missionary?" (And we felt that every parish ought to have at least one of its parishioners in the mission field. And perhaps every study class one of its members to represent it at the front of the battle.) Doing something for the

work among the Chinese in our own country; influencing others—*one other*; arousing interest in missions; getting a missionary library into the parish and seeing that the books are read; seeing that our Sunday school has missionary courses.

"The end of a study class is the creation of an atmosphere in which the apprehension of facts forces men and women to prayer and to work'; and we separated with the motto, 'Expect great things from God—attempt great things for God'—and with St. Matthew, 16:24."

AN INTRODUCTION

IN February the Board of Missions gives to its Woman's Auxiliary an additional helper in an Assistant Secretary, who is to have special oversight of its educational work. Miss Lindley has always been ready to give her experience and personal service in this work, but the Junior Department is her real care and its development at the present time requires more and more attention, so that the Woman's Auxiliary should not call upon her for its mission study work, nor will its officers need to do so, with this new secretary at headquarters prepared to lead in our efforts to become more and more helpful to the Board along its educational lines.

Miss Tillotson, who has been given to us for this service, is the Educational Secretary of the Southern Ohio Branch of the Woman's Auxiliary, and is already known to many of our missionary students and the conductors of classes in institutes, summer schools and conferences, where she has been a fellow student and teacher with them. We bespeak for her the cordial welcome of the Woman's Auxiliary, which can best be shown by calling upon her for help.

She hopes as soon as possible to make friends with the educational sec-

retaries of the diocesan branches, and will be ready to advise with them in their undertakings and difficulties and to co-ordinate their work, so that more and more throughout the Auxiliary the courses set forth by the Educational Department of the Board of Missions may be studied at the same time yearly, and other courses, as on the Bible and the Woman's Auxiliary itself, at other seasons. She will enroll educational leaders who can form a corps of helpers in conducting institutes, will arrange for the conduct of normal classes, help the branches personally and by correspondence in their institutes and conferences, attend and take part in summer schools and conferences, and arrange for the attendance of educational leaders at them, and in other ways set forward the work of missionary education. Correspondence along these lines should be addressed to Miss Tillotson.

For text-books and material issued by the Educational Department of the Board of Missions apply direct to that department.

For reports and leaflets on the different mission fields send to the Publication Department of the Board.

Keep the SPIRIT OF MISSIONS for reference, and note leaflets listed there and call for them by their numbers.

THE JANUARY CONFERENCE

THE Holy Communion, preceding the conference on January 15th, was celebrated by the new Bishop of Porto Rico, the Right Rev. C. B. Colmore, about leaving for his field. Miss Verbeck, starting soon for Japan, was also with us.

Mrs. Markoe of Pennsylvania presided, and officers were present from Long Island, 4, 1 Junior; Los Angeles, 1; Maryland, 1 Junior; Newark, 7; New York, 1, 1 Junior; Pennsylvania, 4; Rhode Island, 1. There was also a visitor from Canada, who for five years has been Corresponding Secretary of the Ottawa Branch of the Woman's Auxiliary there.

Mrs. Boynton of Newark opened the day's conference by introducing Miss Case, Secretary of the New York Juniors, who read the recommendations concerning the Junior Department already given in THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS in the November number, page 799. From this Miss Case went on as follows:

I have had some correspondence about this new plan with leaders in the different dioceses, and though it is too soon after the Convention to report a great deal of progress, it is being tried with enthusiasm, and there is an apparent agreement that the ideal parish branch is a branch with three separate sections, each under its own leader, meeting if possible, in its own room. If I may speak from my own experience, I can say that the New York Juniors find the plan an immense help. We sent out letters to all the parish leaders asking that their branches might correspond to the new grouping, with the result that nearly all the parishes are coming into line. It is an advantage in a great many ways. For one thing, it clarifies our records. It enables us to see where we stand in regard to children of different ages and to see where our strength and weakness lie. Then, by separating the older girls into Section Three, it not only prepares a band of young women to enter the Woman's Auxiliary, but it makes possible diocesan work among the older girls. Here in New York we have formed an inter-parochial "Missionary Committee"

among the girls of Section Three, every parish being allowed one member on the committee.

Perhaps the reason that I am so enthusiastic about the new grading of the Juniors is because I live in a large city, and the plan is certainly a help in large city parishes. But it isn't the same everywhere, and the letters I have received have brought out a great many difficulties and problems. I want to suggest only three of these:

1. The difficulty in small country parishes where there are not enough girls of different ages to meet separately. One leader writes, "I believe that modified rules of organization and methods of working should be thought out for the little lone churches in towns and villages."

2. Another difficulty is the problem of getting girls of sixteen and over to interest themselves in the work of the Auxiliary and to become members of Section Two. This is being met in various ways, by mission study classes, by drawing-room meetings, and by the women in the Auxiliary persuading their own daughters to join.

3. The great difficulty that everybody mentions is the difficulty of finding leaders. Of course the new grouping demands more leaders. One lady writes, "I can't understand the reluctance so many show to taking up the work." Another says, "I am sure the greatest obstacle in the way of successfully grading the Junior branches is lack of women and girls to be leaders. So many do not and will not *want* to be leaders."

At the close of this paper various comments were made, as, disapproving of the name "Little Helpers" given to Section One in the Junior Department, and Section B to the younger women in the Woman's Auxiliary, and the officers were reminded that this latter section, although established in a few branches, is really suggested for a future, after the next Triennial, and that changes in names may be considered during the interval and brought up at that time. Someone asked if five grades were not too many in the Woman's Auxiliary, and was reminded that it may be looked upon as a missionary school where as many grades as that are commonly expected. The plan of grading may

be said to be instituted with the idea of preventing leakage. The work of the leaders in the Little Helpers' Section may be largely to interest the young married women with their little children in their homes.

The difficulty of grading in a country parish brought out the suggestions of: some general meeting for the children of various ages, after which they could be divided into three classes for instruction or work; a correspondence course for leaders to instruct those who cannot get training in any other way; the division of smaller children among the four or five older girls who may be the only available material for Section Three in a parish; the value of grading in sections even if no more than two can be in a class; a normal school for the training of leaders to be conducted in a diocese each year; a general superintendent for Juniors, who shall divide the children into sections, so that they will understand to which section they belong, while she has the care of them all, were all suggestions which were made.

Our Canadian visitor reported that in Canada the Auxiliary is definitely graded, but that after eight years they do not mention age. From Baptism to eight the children are enrolled in the Babies' Branch; next come the Juniors who remain Juniors as long as they feel at home, till Confirmation or the High School; following them comes the Girls' Auxiliary, in which girls in school and college are numbered; and later the women. In many country places the Juniors and women are flourishing, while the Girls' Auxiliary is weak, and in such cases the girls often remain with the Juniors.

That the older and younger women could not always work well together one officer thought to be the fault of the older women; another did not at all agree with this, but simply thought that the two sets worked better sepa-

ately, that what was needed in any case was the leader, and that to get parish leaders, institutes should be held in small places, lasting two or three days at a time.

Miss Lindley closed the conference by urging the women to show a greater interest in the Juniors, to go to their meetings, and the Junior leaders to remember that they are members of the Woman's Auxiliary, not of the Junior Department, and that all leaders make a great mistake in not giving definite thought to the training of substitutes or helpers who shall be ready to take their places.

A most suggestive and inspiring report came from Miss Alice Lindley, the head of the New York Juniors, who told of a meeting of young women lately held in the New Synod Hall, where five or six hundred were present, two hundred of whom afterward signed their names to cards, promising to help definitely in the missionary work of the Church. At a later meeting this Junior Committee resolved as a piece of work for the new year the supply of \$5,000 toward the Board's appropriation for medical work, Anking, which work was to be described to them by Mr. Wood, dividing the amounts needed for its different departments among the Junior Branches.

THE FEBRUARY CONFERENCE

THE February Conference will be held on Thursday the 19th. Holy Communion will be celebrated in the Chapel of the Church Missions House at 10 A. M. The conference will follow in the Board Room. Subject: "The Educational Work of the Woman's Auxiliary to the Board of Missions."

At this conference we hope to introduce to the officers Miss Tillotson, the new Assistant Secretary in charge of this work.

THE JUNIOR PAGE

THANKS FROM MISS EMERY

THE Woman's Auxiliary to the Board of Missions is very grateful to the leaders in the Junior Department for sparing Miss Lindley so often in the last three years for Woman's Auxiliary work.

When Miss Lindley planned the missionary school in Cincinnati, in 1910, so many women became interested in missionary study that they continued to call upon her for help.

Now, however, the Woman's Auxiliary is to have an officer especially for its educational work and will not need so often to turn to Miss Lindley. She will be busy in developing the three sections of the Junior Department and particularly in preparing Section III, our older girls and young women, for graduation, in 1916, into the Woman's Auxiliary. Please help her all you can by calling freely upon her for Junior institutes and conferences and older girl meetings. Remember, however, that the diocesan Junior leaders themselves must care for this work within their own dioceses and parishes, and that it is for work with diocesan leaders and branches, combined in diocesan and other groups, for which you should claim the services of Miss Lindley.

We wish you all good things in this fresh start, and especially that it may be a means of making the women and girls of the Church more truly a united force, working together to help carry out the purposes and policies of the Board of Missions.

THE JUNIORS IN HANKOW

THE annual meeting of the Junior Auxiliary in Hankow, May 10th, was a great success. About 800 children were present and offerings, in-

cluding that of the babies' branch, amounted to \$150. After being served with cakes on the cathedral compound the schools assembled to enjoy an entertainment of songs and drill.

OUR JUNIOR AUXILIARY

By Clara Sz

IN our school there is a Junior Auxiliary. At the first meeting Miss Stewart made a speech about Africa and Europe and the Junior Auxiliary. The people of Africa did not know about Jesus Christ. But now it is better. Some of them have schools. They study and read English books. There are about thirty-five girls in this Junior Auxiliary. From three to five o'clock on some Saturdays we have sewing to make some things to sell and this money we give to the poor people to help them. We give some money once a week. We have elected President, Secretary and Treasurer. Each month we read about Africa. We sing a hymn, and pray. I hope my schoolmates will know how to help other people.



The second class at St. Hilda's; some of our Juniors

A LIST OF LEAFLETS

The leaflets noted hereon may be had by application to the Literature Department, 281 Fourth Avenue, New York. Order by department and number. An asterisk marks recent publications.

Africa

- 100 Our Foothold in Africa. (Liberia.)
A Sojourner in Liberia.

Alaska

- 805 The Borderland of the Pole.

Brazil

- 1402 Our Farthest South.

China

- 11 Our Foreign Medical Work by Women Among Women.
18 The Training School for Bible Women, Hankow.
20 The Bible-Woman in the China Mission.
22 The Training School for Bible Women, Shanghai.
25 St. Mary's Hall, Shanghai.
200 The Chung Hua Sheng Kung Hui. (The Holy Catholic Church in China.)
202 New China and the Church.
203 St. Mary's Orphanage.
204 For the Girls of China. (St. Mary's Hall, Shanghai.)
205 Why? (The needs of St. Mary's Hall.)
247 Practical Ideals in Medical Missions. Dr. Jefferys, 10c.
258 Business Side of Missions.
268 "Boone"—The Christian University of Mid-China.
271 *A Year at St. John's University, Shanghai.

Cuba, Porto Rico and Haiti

- 500 In the Greater Antilles.

Honolulu

- 1007 The Cross Roads of the Pacific.

Japan

- 324 The Nippon Sei Ko Kwai.
325 The Christian College and Moral Leadership. (St. Paul's, Tokyo.)
326 How to Win Japan and Where to Begin. (Christ Church, Osaka.)

Mexico

- 1600 Mexico: The Land, the People and the Church.

Negroes

- 709 The Church Among the Negroes—The American Church Institute for Negroes.
710 St. Augustine's School, Raleigh, N. C.
711 The Black Man's Need.

The Philippines

- 407 The Cross, The Flag and The Church.

United States

- G.C. 1 Church Work in the Appalachian Mountains.
G.C. 2 Work Among Orientals on the Pacific Coast.
1204 The Church in North Dakota.
1208 Wyoming: The Last of the West.

Miscellaneous

- 50 Prayers for Missions.
51 A Litany for Missions.
52 Mid-Day Intercession for Missions.
53 The Kingdom: A Missionary Catechism.
900 The Church's Mission at Home and Abroad. Bishop Lloyd.
912 Four Definitions.
941 How Can I Give to a Particular Object and Yet Give to the Apportionment?
944 Women in the Mission Field. Bishop Graves.
945 Mid-Day Prayer Card.
946 How to Volunteer.
956 The Why and How of the Missionary Budget.
969 The Church and the World.
978 *In the Nation.
979 *The Lands Beyond.
980 *The Wide World.
981 The Apportionment. How to Treat It and How to Meet It. Rhinelander.
990 Some Facts About Gifts for Missions, 1912-13. George Gordon King.
991 *Giving the Boys and Girls of Utah a Chance. Concerning Specials.
1103 How Shall I Vote?
1106 Churchmen in the Laymen's Missionary Movement.
1107 Diocesan Committee on General Missions.
1108 Missionary Committee.
1109 Forward Movement.
1110 It Won't Work With Us.
1112 Is There Any Substitute for the Organized Canvass?
1114 The Forward Movement in a City Parish.
1115 Suggestions to Leader in Every Member Canvass.
1117-19 Pledge Cards—Forward Movement Sets.
1120 Weekly Offerings for the Church's Mission.
1121 A Message to Men.
1301 Why Believe in Foreign Missions?
3055 Catalogue of Publications. [Educational Department.]
3071 The Library and the Museum.

The Sunday School

- 1 Ten Missionary Stories That Every Young Churchman Should Know. 10c.
2 A Litany for Children.
3 The Sunday School Offering.
4 *Talking to Children about Missions.

THE WOMAN'S AUXILIARY

- W. A. 1. *A Message from the Triennial of 1913.
W. A. 2. *To Treasurers: Diocesan and Parochial.
W. A. 3. *Some Plain Facts.
W. A. 4. Collects for Daily Use.
W. A. 5. A Message to a Weak Branch.
W. A. 8. Prehistoric Days.
W. A. 13. How Can I Help?
W. A. 14. Why Should I be a Member of the Woman's Auxiliary?
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W. A. 16. A Bit of History. 5c. each; 50c. per dozen.
W. A. 19. An Auxiliary Campaign.

United Offering

- W. A. 100. Resolution and Prayer Card.
W. A. 101. *What is the United Offering?
W. A. 102. *Who gave it?
U. O. 5. The Mighty Cent.
U. O. 6. Giving Like a Little Child.
U. O. 8. An Offering of Life.
U. O. 14. The Spiritual Value of the United Offering.
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THE JUNIOR DEPARTMENT

- W. A. 200. *The Junior Collect.
W. A. 201. What it is; Where it should be; How to Organize it.
W. A. 202. One Army—Two Departments.
W. A. 203. *Membership Card. 10c. per dozen; 50c. per hundred.
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W. A. 207. Suggestions for Junior Missionary Study.
Jun. 20. Mother Church and Her Juniors. A Missionary Play.
Jun. 25. The Sunset Hour. A Missionary Play. 5c. each; 50c. per dozen.

The Little Helpers

- W. A. 300. *The Origin of the Little Helpers.
W. A. 301. *The Little Helpers: Directions.
W. A. 302. *Little Helpers' Prayers for Members and Leaders.
W. A. 303. *Membership Card.
W. A. 304. *Letter to Leaders, 1913-1914.
W. A. 305. *Letter to Members, 1913-1914.
Jun. 22. Little Helpers. All Aboard!

ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF OFFERINGS

TO APPLY TO THE APPORTIONMENT AND AID
THE BOARD IN MEETING ITS APPROPRIATION

Offerings are asked to sustain missions in thirty-two missionary districts in the United States, Africa, China, Japan, Brazil, Haiti, Mexico and Cuba; in forty-three dioceses, including missions to the Indians and to the Negroes; to pay the salaries of thirty-one bishops, and stipends to 2,553 missionary workers, domestic and foreign; also two general missionaries to the Swedes and three missionaries among deaf mutes in the Middle West and the South; and to support schools, hospitals and orphanages.

With all the remittances the name of the Diocese and Parish should be given. Remittances, when practicable, should be by Check or Draft, and should always be made payable to the order of George Gordon King, Treasurer, and sent to him, Church Missions House, 281 Fourth Avenue, New York.

Remittances in Bank Notes are not safe unless sent in Registered Letters.

The Treasurer of the Board of Missions acknowledges the receipt of the following from September 1st, 1913, to January 1st, 1914.

DIOCESE OR MISSIONARY DISTRICT	Apportionment for Domestic and Foreign Missions, September 1st, 1913-14	Amount received from September 1st, 1913, to Jan. 1st, 1914	DIOCESE OR MISSIONARY DISTRICT	Apportionment for Domestic and Foreign Missions, September 1st, 1913-14	Amount received from September 1st, 1913, to Jan. 1st, 1914
DEPARTMENT I.			DEPARTMENT IV.		
Connecticut.....	\$55,186	\$9,139.23	Alabama.....	\$7,465	\$181.32
Maine.....	4,869	285.94	Atlanta.....	5,127	650.47
Massachusetts.....	75,044	11,036.07	East Carolina.....	3,674	16.00
New Hampshire.....	5,644	546.46	Florida.....	4,388	
Rhode Island.....	20,051	1,967.50	Georgia.....	3,883	102.46
Vermont.....	4,691	871.60	Kentucky.....	7,698	1,160.52
W. Massachusetts.....	14,016	874.00	Lexington.....	2,369	125.20
	179,501	24,720.80	Louisiana.....	8,032	648.50
DEPARTMENT II.			Mississippi.....	4,933	167.55
Albany.....	26,042	1,700.67	North Carolina.....	5,381	468.31
Central New York.....	21,942	3,497.18	South Carolina.....	7,706	421.25
Long Island.....	63,124	2,727.67	Tennessee.....	6,937	583.87
Newark.....	41,517	4,298.02	Asheville.....	3,041	362.16
New Jersey.....	28,465	2,306.29	Southern Florida.....	1,798	
New York.....	266,389	26,324.52		71,432	4,887.61
W. New York.....	26,026	4,078.62			
Porto Rico.....	189				
	473,694	44,932.97	DEPARTMENT V.		
DEPARTMENT III.			Chicago.....	45,203	3,323.34
Bethlehem.....	17,067	1,543.54	Fond du Lac.....	3,620	114.70
Delaware.....	4,834	992.54	Indianapolis.....	4,424	215.26
Easton.....	2,586	132.59	Marquette.....	2,210	88.72
Erie.....	5,601	170.60	Michigan.....	16,740	1,949.61
Harrisburg.....	10,867	773.82	Michigan City.....	2,503	115.22
Maryland.....	29,917	2,947.07	Milwaukee.....	12,893	851.41
Pennsylvania.....	147,331	14,183.28	Ohio.....	24,693	1,941.80
Pittsburgh.....	24,157	2,065.69	Quincy.....	2,352	220.50
Southern Virginia.....	16,165	1,263.44	Southern Ohio.....	14,722	2,407.48
Virginia.....	14,358	2,435.02	Springfield.....	3,287	
Washington.....	22,266	1,564.02	W. Michigan.....	6,170	471.23
W. Virginia.....	6,356	1,259.17		138,817	11,699.27
	301,505	29,330.78			

DIOCESE OR MISSIONARY DISTRICT	Apportionment for Domestic and Foreign Missions, September 1st, 1913-14	Amount received from September 1st, 1913, to Jan. 1st, 1914	DIOCESE OR MISSIONARY DISTRICT	Apportionment for Domestic and Foreign Missions, September 1st, 1913-14	Amount received from September 1st, 1913, to Jan. 1st, 1914
DEPARTMENT VI.			DEPARTMENT VIII.		
Colorado.....	\$9,054	\$332.07	California.....	\$11,528	\$1,002.00
Duluth.....	3,413	452.74	Los Angeles.....	12,132	217.64
Iowa.....	8,228	347.43	Olympia.....	4,666	197.90
Minnesota.....	13,169	337.76	Oregon.....	3,603	256.29
Montana.....	4,504	373.89	Sacramento.....	2,273
Nebraska.....	4,198	26.07	Alaska.....	1,000	155.56
North Dakota.....	1,678	47.00	Arizona.....	846	97.00
South Dakota.....	2,300	341.00	Eastern Oregon.....	715	400.00
Western Colorado.....	594	19.80	Honolulu.....	2,135
Western Nebraska.....	1,344	168.42	Idaho.....	1,647	100.00
Wyoming.....	1,465	25.10	Nevada.....	982	4.06
	49,947	2,471.28	San Joaquin.....	1,028	12.70
			Spokane.....	1,995	281.00
			The Philippines.....	500
			Utah.....	937
				45,987	2,724.15
DEPARTMENT VII.			Anking.....	200	50.99
Arkansas.....	\$3,422	\$428.35	Brazil.....	250
Dallas.....	2,517	351.19	Canal Zone.....	200	4.25
Kansas.....	3,955	286.57	Cuba.....	840
Missouri.....	13,160	1,855.76	Haiti.....
Texas.....	5,515	774.84	Hankow.....	250
West Missouri.....	5,852	91.78	Kyoto.....	160
West Texas.....	2,115	80.30	Liberia.....	420	184.71
Eastern Oklahoma.....	966	126.67	Mexico.....	420
New Mexico.....	964	122.50	Shanghai.....	250
North Texas.....	406	38.00	Tokyo.....	330	4.69
Oklahoma.....	1,110	168.62	European Ch's.....	1,680
Salina.....	919	56.44	Foreign Miscell.....
	40,901	4,381.02		5,000	244.64
			Total.....	\$1,307,784	\$125,392.52

OFFERINGS TO PAY APPROPRIATIONS

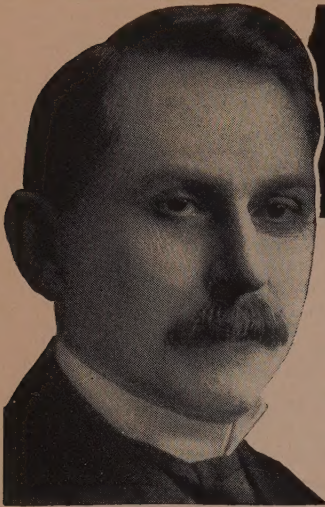
SOURCE	TO JANUARY 1, 1914	TO JANUARY 1, 1913	INCREASE	DECREASE
1. From congregations.....	\$94,786.59	\$78,563.01	\$16,223.58
2. From individuals.....	13,297.55	18,989.10	\$5,691.55
3. From Sunday-schools.....	3,199.05	2,896.09	302.96
4. From Woman's Auxiliary.....	14,109.33	14,218.19	108.86
5. From interest.....	27,632.13	21,782.00	5,850.13
6. Miscellaneous items.....	2,671.36	1,250.87	1,420.49
Total.....	155,696.01	137,699.26	17,996.75
7. Woman's Auxiliary United Offering.....	24,000.00	24,000.00
Total.....	\$179,696.01	\$161,699.26	17,996.75

APPROPRIATIONS FOR THE YEAR

SEPTEMBER 1ST, 1913, TO AUGUST 31ST, 1914

AMOUNT NEEDED FOR THE YEAR

1. Appropriations as made to date for the work at home and abroad.....	\$1,432,320.39
2. To replace Reserve Funds temporarily used for the current work.....	197,294.42
Total.....	\$1,629,614.81
Total receipts to date applicable on appropriations.....	179,696.01
Amount needed before August 31st, 1914.....	\$1,449,918.80



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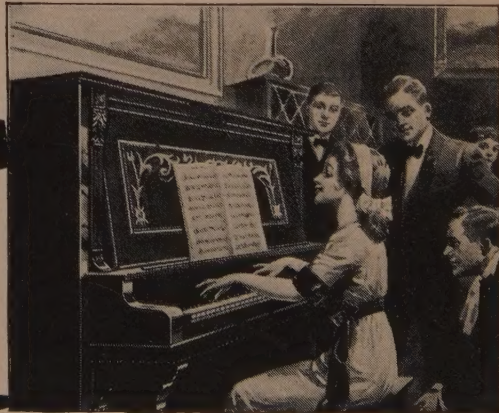
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THE Business Manager will be glad to hear from any of the Sunday School children who have sold this Lenten Number of THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS, and who took new subscriptions. A little letter, telling, what led to their success and how they accomplished it, will be keenly appreciated.



EVERY issue of THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS shows an increase in circulation over the corresponding month of last year. This growth should be gratifying, and if our readers will herald its merits to those who are not familiar with it, wonders will be done for its future advancement.

When this present number has been read and appreciated send to the Business Manager the names of those to whom the receipt of a sample copy might result in additional subscribers. Every new reader means one more interested in the Church's world-wide business. Many will doubtless be glad to give such help.



THE Los Angeles branch of the Woman's Auxiliary has arranged to place THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS each month in the libraries of eleven steamers of the Pacific Mail Steamship Co. and of the Matson Navigation Co., both of which lines sail from San Francisco.

This makes sixty-one steamships which carry the Church's missionary message on their library tables. May their number increase and the influence be far-reaching.



WE desire to express our appreciation of the kindness shown by many of our readers who have answered appeals for back numbers of THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS.

A good friend writes:

I ENCLOSE \$2 for two subscriptions to THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS. I wish it were 200. I hope your circulation may grow until the magazine is as familiar to our Church people as their daily papers are. Some Church people do not even know that THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS exists. Who is to blame—Pastor or People?



WE are trying to find more opportunities for placing THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS where it will claim the attention and interest of many who are unfamiliar with the true conditions regarding missionary work. Such opportunities are many; here are some of the places where THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS could be of splendid service:

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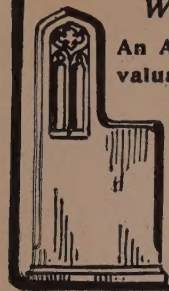
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